Vol. 15, No. 51. The Shoppard Publishing Co., Limited, Preps. TORONTO, CANADA, NOV. 1, 1902.

TERMS: { Single Copies, Sc. } Whole No. 779

ing good men in charge. Cheaper street car fares, less crowding, a faster service, would directly appeal to the people, and

if this were reversed by bad management those guilty of

causing it would be promptly punished by those who have to put their hands in their pockets three or four times a

day and are dependent upon this transportation system for regularity at their places of work and at their meals.

Nothing but direct damage to the pocket and the temper of the elector can force him to pay direct attention to ad-

ministrations of any kind. But few men can listen with patience to complaints about servants so long as they are

well fed and comfortably taken care of, and have no unusual bills to pay. The housewife may have a score of grievances, but they do not appeal to the man of the house unless his food is badly cooked or fails to be served at the proper

time. Let him wait an hour for his dinner, find his bed unmade, or bills of an extravagant character presented to

him, he will make a kick at once and start in to fire the maid or lecture his wife. Men should be more thoughtful

than they are and see further than they do, but we must

When Sherman was Secretary of the United States freasury the long disputed question of how to resume

specie payment was presented to him, and he is reported to have said, "The way to resume is to resume." In municipal ownership it may be said that "In municipal ownership the way to conduct a municipal enterprise is to conduct."

it." It may be disastrous at first. Under the present system there is a continual series of disasters which we

ook at conditions rather than theories.

Things in General.

MANY of the people of this country have great difficulty in recognizing as the same man the cultured Edward Blake of Canadian politics and the firebrand who addressed the United Irish League in Boston and hilade phia, though the same long and involved sentences with which Canada once struggled appear in both instances If Mr. Blake had not been born and reared in the free at mosphere of Canada we might excuse the extremities to which his speech runs when addressing those who nurtur Irish sentiment. It may be that I lack enthusiasm in mat ters Irish, but I must confess that I love not the ideal which benefit neither Ireland nor the empire to which th unfortunate Irishman belongs. Born as one of the popula tion of a country in which the races are mixed, I have learned, rightly or wrongly, after many vicissitudes, to regard as dangerous the man who continually pushes for ward racial problems, keeps alive racial prejudices, and exists apparently for no other purpose than to exaggerate religious differences. Mr. Blake also learned this lesson and the speeches to which I refer show how in a few years a man may forget that which was primary scholarship in his earlier youth. If Mr. Blake came to us to keep alive the traditions upon which the success of America was founded we might excuse his perversion of facts, but when he comes as an apostle of an antiquated theory, a thoroughly discredited movement, we are forced to wonder whether the man with an ordinary mind could go so far back in a few years as this man with a splendid mind has gone. He is probably the best example we could have had of the limitations as to facts of an Irish orator. Knowing what we all are convinced that he knows, and remaining so, uncon vinced by what he says, the amount to be subtracted from the assertions of men who know Ireland only assumes hug

In his Philadelphia speech he said, "They (the grievances) exist in still greater strength and power than before but they are held by the people now and not by the min-ority, and the people from that vantage ground, in every county and every town and every urban district in Ireland are entrenched first of all in the possession and management of their own affairs." I admit that Mr. Blake's speeches are hard to understand, but how are we to reconcile this sentence, which refers to the "fortresses" upon which the grievances are based, with an appeal such as he is making to alien countries to help the people out of the

He asserts, "There is a love of the Irish cause from end to end of the continent." What is the Irish cause Where, either in or out of Ireland, is there, no Irish cause? Has there not been a campaign of disturbance so long car ried on that every Irishman thinks he is a "cause" by himself? With a truly Irish impulse, Mr. Blake proceeds to demand more than a mere love of the cause from those who spring from that race. "We want them to feel that. though they may be generation after generation removed from those born on the other side, they should retain the feeling toward Ireland as the country, after all, from which they sprung, and sympathy for that country, where their father, their forefathers, lived and loved, suffered and died."

This means that Mr. Blake insists upon the maintenance as a political factor of the cause which, so far as I can estimate, has no basis for existence except the prominence which it gives to a few agitators who, like himself—but un-like him, in having no means of support—separated from all other causes, remain as disturbers of the peace. Irishmen, if I am not misinformed, make their own troubles, and force Great Britain to enact such measures for the general peace as may be dwelt upon by agitators as evidence of the tyranny of the majority over the minority. To make Ireland peaceful and prosperous, all that is necessary is the extinction of the firebrand, the wiping out of the professional patriot, and a general tendency on the part of the Irish to go into some other business than politics, a tendency which follows them, no matter into what country they go or in what minority they exist.

THE rector of All Saints' Church, Edmonton, N.W.T. is reported to be begging for money in England to increase the buildings in his parish. Why in the name of all that is self-respecting should anyone from the neighborhood of Edmonton publish a letter in the London Eng., "Daily News" with regard to the necessity in that prosperous country of a young men's institute? If such an institute is needed in Edmonton or thereabout, the people are able to provide it without any rector whining on stree corners and dangling an epistolary hat for alms, while Cana dians can only partially save their faces from such a sight with a groan and an effort to look the other way.

VERY touching utterance was made by Archbishop Langevin of St. Boniface, Man., who, while on a visit to Montreal, preached a rather sensational sermon in St. James' Roman Catholic Cathedral last Sunday night. "It is a strange situation," said he, "that confronts our priests, who often convert the Indians only to have them perverted by the Presbyterian missionaries. acquainted with the Indians a statement of this kind appeals to their sense of humor. The Indian who really has change of heart and the consequent change of conduc that a Christianized interior seems to imply, is so rare that hardly seems worth quarreling about. sad, if true, that the Protestant sects in the North-West g about trying to change the religious brands of the Indians practically careless of whether the necessary change of heart has been produced by their preaching or example. is said that an Indian becomes intensely loyal when blanket and beef are being distributed by the officers of what was once called the Great White Mother; like the small boy they have a tendency to become intensely religious about the time of the Sunday school picnic, when the good thing of the missionaries are being distributed. As a matter o fact, if those who know these people best are to be relied upon, it matters little what religious brand they wear; they are always Indians, dirty, careless of the morrow, as provident now as when they had buffalo which they killed the hides when they should have preserved the mea for their own sustenance, and until crossed with some superior breed are as careless of the niceties of civilization as if they had never seen the interior of a church. Rev. J. A. Macdonald, editor of the "Westminster,

when interviewed with regard to the rather sweeping state ment of Archbishop Langevin, said that though unac quainted with the special occurrences to which the prelate had referred, yet he knew enough of the situation among the Indians of the North-West to say that if the details were known the shoe might be found to fit the other (Roman Catholic) foot. "The question is," said the religious journalist, "not who is going to get them, but who is going to do anything for them. They float from one Church to another, and owing to the difference in views between the Protestants and the Roman Catholics they (the missionaries) are far too apt to misunderstand one another." He intimated that the difference between the Protestant and the Catholic missionary is that the former in

attaching a man to a Church acts merely as one doing something towards the penitent's salvation, while the latter, who considers the attachment to the Church of supreme importance, neutralizes these views by preaching to these ignorant people that there is only one Church. Thus the sectarian war goes merrily on, and the red man dies of hunger, disease and degeneration. It never seems to strik any of those who try to convert or pervert these people that some other method must be adopted than the one in vogue to make him a better citizen. The citizen part of i is attended to by the Government, and, after all, is no nearly so badly neglected by secular officials as by the mis sionaries. Working together, the various people sent ou to advance the condition of the red man have taught him to grow potatoes, a little wheat, and to keep in stock enough cattle to kill the occasional beef necessary hunting. Education is, after all, perhaps the only method of civilizing the Indian; he cannot be emotionalized. He will stand almost indescribable ordeals without flinching, but at best he is an Indian, and the effort of the Christianizing influences should be to make him just as good an Indian a possible, but to try to make him nothing else. The leoparcannot change his spots, nor can his spots be changed by those who preach to him. No matter how the leopard's fur may be singed by the various brands put upon him, he is a leopard still, and the best way of civilizing him is for everyone to unite in keeping away from him the demoraliz-ing sides of civilization to which he most readily attaches himself. In the end all the sects will find that it is cheaper and more satisfactory to be able to claim that the condition of the Indian has been improved rather than that they have

made so many Presbyterians, so many Methodists, so many

unable to decide between the two contending systems, and their indecision leads to the idea that there may be half a dozen other ways of getting rid of the sewage, of which these dull-heads have never heard. They are paid to make these dull-heads have never heard. They are paid to make plans and to act as an executive, yet they seem inclined to buy plans from somebody and let the city act as its own executive in deciding which shall be adopted. If they cannot decide with experts pouring testimony into their ear, how can the people come to a decision? I can freely confess that I do not know a "septic tank" from a gas-tank or a wind-tank, or anything else which is supposed to be a reservoir of something we cannot eat or drink. It is not : far cry to assert that the average elector knows nothing about this particular "septic tank" or has none but economical reasons for deciding against it and in favor of the trunk ought to leave our scientific development and sanitary appliances to experts or we should have people with reasonable intelligence to tell us what to do. The City Council and Board of Control, and the Mayor himself, seem to be utterly unable to grasp such a policy as our defective trunk sewerage makes necessary. Would it not be better to get somebody who understands this business, or at least is in is asked to decide on so important a matter?

and a Council of shrewd, capable business men, it wil be time enough to talk about municipal ownership of public

"News" editorials are being thoughtfully written

This system of doing business is effete. Either we possession of faculties of decision, before at random the city

> cannot rectify without interminable lawsuits, and even then we fail to properly score in the end. The way to teach people to choose is to force them to make a choice in mat-ters which will have a direct and observable result on their happiness and prosperity. M UCH discussion has been caused by the recent fanatical movements of the Doukhobors. A couple of thousand of these Russian importations, who faintly resand of these Russian importations, who lamby to semble the Quakers in their antipathy to war, are doing something which is in the nature of a pilgrimage. The Canadian North-West, in which they were located by the Government, is not a good place for pilgrimages, which of course involve sleeping in the open air and traveling afoot without baggage. I have seen Russian pilgrims in Palestine who had been months away from home without a change of clothes, and who were considered saintly because they endured the thing so long with almost nothing to eat. Russians of both sexes spend the greater part of their lifetime saving up sufficient money to go to Jerusalem on Easter day to see that farcical performance which is called

> the Descent of the Holy Fire, a fire which is supposed to come from on High and light the altar in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. About twelve thousand pilgrims belonging to the Greek Church were present from Russia. Armenia and Greece-many of whom would die before they reached home-when I watched this extraordinary test of their credulity. Coming as the Doukhobors do from this country, thoroughly permeated by fanaticisms of different sorts, can we wonder that they abandon their homes and turn their live stock adrift because they do not believe in the shedding of blocd or the enslaving of beasts? Newspapers may call their fanaticism "idiocy" and advise

that these poor creatures should be forced back into their homes to save them from being frozen, but if we would only look at our own conduct, at the conduct of others which in a religious way we approve, we would not be so lacking in sympathy for what appears to us as perverted emotionalism, if not insanity. Some of the newspapers advise that the priests and apostles who are misleading the Doukhobors should be arrested because they are apparently regardless of the lives and happiness of those who follow them. Would these writers be kind enough to tell us what are the legal and logical limitations of religious emotionalism? If such a thing be possible, it would be a good thing for us all to know how far we ought to permit our religious beliefs and emotions which are probably not quite reasonable, to influence our conduct or to inconvenience others. For instance, what right had those preachers and leaders of public opinion to oppose Sunday cars when on the other six days of the week everybody found them an absolute necessity, when indeed the whole city was constructed on the idea of some such transportation system? The opposition was finally overruled and everybody now rides on Sunday cars, even the most extreme opponents of them using them without an apology either to their conscience or to their parishioners. Many illustrations might be brought forward where fanaticism of an approved sort is still causing widespread inconvenience, not only to the holders of the fanatical tenets, but to others. If in one instance a certain line of conduct seems to the general pubabsurd and suggestions are made to use suppression, who is to be the judge in a half a dozen other instances where the majority, which is said to be generally wrong, contend that certain paths are the only roads to

heaven? If the Doukhobors wish to be frozen to death by

making a pilgrimage to Yorkton or Winnipeg, all ordin-

ary and charitable measures should be used to prevent a

sacrifice of life; but if people insist on being frozen to death

in order that they may be sure of eternal happiness, it seems

unreasonable to employ force to divert them from what

seems to us such an ill-advised course. These people may

e inspired. Probably the apostles who abandoned their

fishing-nets and entered into lives of poverty and pain, end-

human reason is not to be the basis of human laws and

human conduct, then those who interfere with anything

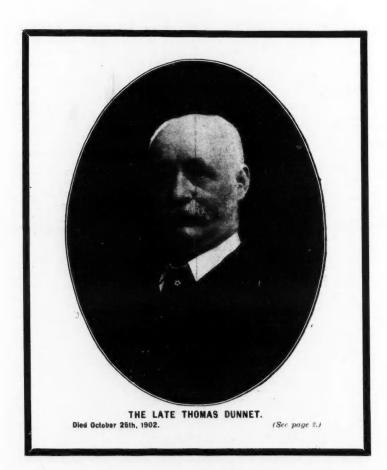
which purports to be religious are persecutors, possibly

ing in death, were considered "idiots" and "fanatics.

blasphemers, or at best are tyrants in refusing to let others adopt all kinds of follies in the pursuit of salvation. HE "Star" had an excellent editorial on Tuesday last with regard to "The Taking of Life's Profits." must have occurred to the average reader, notwithtanding the excellence of the editorial, to enquire whether taking the profits" is not a stock gambling term which ought to be excluded from one's notions of how to get the most there is out of life. The editorial seemed to favor the idea that we should take out of life all the profits that we can obtain. If it were not a stock gambling phrase I would uite agree with this, but I am inclined to think that n body-again using a stock speculator's phrase-can "realeven temporarily, upon the investment one makes. Life, to be a profitable thing, cannot be a gambling 'ransaction; it must be an investment. It is ridiculous to suppose that one can take one's profits out of one's health, out of one's surroundings, out of one's friends, and square the transaction every few days. It cannot be done. The sum total of life can only be added at one's death, and the profit or loss cannot be estimated by the deceased, no matter how deeply he may be embedded in the flowers of

those who liked or respected him.

Of course the idea that one should not store away wealth until there is a convenient time for its expenditure is a very good one, but it must be remembered that the "realon one's commercial profits and the realizing on life's profits are two altogether different things. It is better



who, under all conditions and no matter whose food they consume, refuse to use water or to abandon the tribal noions which are, perhaps, as old and possibly much more applicable than the systems of theology which are being orced into brains which can realize nothing spiritual beyong the fact that in the distance there are the Happy Hunting Ground and the Great Spirit. There are many who are not red Indians whose capacity suffers from the same limita-

N ORTH PERTH has been opened by the election court, J. C. Monteith, Conservative, holder of the seat, consenting to a new election. Premier Ross has now another chance to add to his majority, and fortun ately for him the political "digger" cannot be alleged as the machine used.

HE Board of Control has decided to submit a by-law to the somewhat saddle-galled electors of Toronto next January, which, if approved, will mean the ex of \$2,385,000 for the penditure of \$2,385,000 for the "septic tank" sewerage scheme. This scheme is endorsed by the Medical Health Officer, while the trunk sewer plan, which would cost ove half a million dollars less, is endorsed by the City Engineer things are already evident to the Toronto ratepayer and a third is apt to dawn on his mind when this by-law reaches his eye. The first of these postulates is regard to the enormous rate of taxation the people of thi city pay, amounting practically to a rental on the property they own. The next is the fact that we cannot continu pouring sewage into the bay without making it a sink-hole, in fact a regular stink-pot. The third and perhaps most necessary fact that the elector needs to learn is the necessity of having the city's business done by men of sufficient capacity to decide what is best for the ratepayer. In the third instance, the Board of Control seems inclined to leave it to the people to decide whether they tank system" or the "trunk sewer." Either of them, i constructed, would land the sewage in the neighborhood of Scarboro', one emptying into the lake there, the other turning the sewage on to the land and making some use of it. On the surface, the "septic tank" system will not only cost more for construction, but vastly more for maintenance, though there ought to be a revenue from the sewage when utilized on land, and there never can be any when it is emptied into the water and may possibly return to the Toronto Bay.

The City Council and the Board of Control seem to be

Roman Catholics, so many Baptists, of the bucks and squaws | and for the past few months have shown a wide acquaintance with Canadian things of a political sort, but the idea that we should defer the inauguration of a good system until we feel certain that in a civic sense we can handle with perfect wisdom, is obviously a mistake. The way to teach people to choose rightly is to invest the elector with the responsibility of his actions and to so organize our system as to connect his choice with the outgo of his cash in a man ner, the results of which he cannot mistake. No man can choose wisely who chooses but seldom and is only permitted choose in matters which seem to him to be unimportant. When the elector chooses a member of Parliament, ar alderman or a mayor, his tax bill is ordinarily forgotten or s outweighed in importance by his personal friendship fo he candidate, or by his fondness for some political party It seems to me that if a man were choosing a candidate or the basis of a high or low water rate, a big or a little gas bill, large or small expenses for educating his children, and n fact had all the charges which are fixed for him by some body else in his mind, he would be much more circumspecin his selection. The boy or girl who is never permitted have a share in the selection of his or her clothes or i the spending of money, cannot be expected to be quite prudent when first entrusted with cash. The great whole ale houses have men to do their buying as well as their elling, and the buyer who frequently makes large purchase becomes more or less expert in the business. not, he loses his position, but it is a recognized fact that t buy prudently one must know the market, and one cannot know the market without having transactions in

The majority of people seem unaware that when the ote for high protection they are voting for higher price which they may pay without a proportionately high sun being paid to them for what they have to sell. No object lesson of greater value to the electors has been offere, within my memory than the high prices recently charges The meaning of the strike came home to ever or fuel. man and woman because economy and all sorts of expedi ents had to be practiced in the use of what had become during the fuel famine, a very scarce article. The way to teach boys to do business is to let them do business, with all the possible restraints which elder people can put upon their transactions. The only way to teach grown-up people to do unusual business is to permit them to do it. A water famine would teach the people of this city to look more closely into the organization and management of the water works system. Cheap gas and prompt attention to the wants of the consumers would very quickly teach the electors, if we had a municipal gas system, the advantage of hav

with a view of some vague period when one can afford to go out and make a business of spending it. The time for enjoyment is very likely to be past before the period of expenditure sets in, and to leave a youngster with a little money is much worse than to leave it with none. small amount outside of that necessary to complete its education simply sets the child astray in life's current. The necessity of having to go in and make a living forces the duckling into the swim at once, and it needs no very wide vision to discern which is the more fortunate course to

The estimating of life's profits or losses—because one must always keep the two in conjunction—should be left to the old and experienced. Much that seems as profit to the ordinary young man, those who have lived and suffered and enjoyed, when experience has made them able to audit the account, put down as losses. If life has no hereafter and the profits of it must be estimated on this side of the grave, the majority of old men would tell us that there is nothing in the game. The profits are largely those of right-doing and that class of living which brings happiness to the majority, and altogether it seems obvious that anything in public prints urging the realization in cash or pleasure of what one has done on the margin plan, must be a mistake.

The Late Thomas Dunnet.

The funeral of the late Thomas Dunnet took place on Tuesday afternoon from the family residence, 67 Huntley street, to Mount Pleasant cemetery, and was attended by a very large number of citizens. The Caithness Society, Caledonian Society, St. Andrew's Society, Sons of Scotland, Commercial Travelers' Society, Board of Trade, Mackenzie Liberal Club, Young Men's Liberal Club, and several charitable organizations were all represented by large delegations, and in addition many other personal friends of de ceased were present. The pall-bearers were Messrs. H Youille, H. E. Livingstone, G. E. Ashley of Kingston, W. McGuire and T. Lowe. Honorary pall-bearers, Mr. W. Banks, president Toronto Caithness Society, of which deceased was Honorary President; Mr. Daniel Rose, sr., Past President; Dr. Kennedy, President of St. Andrew's Society; Mr. Douglas Scott, President of the Caledonian Society; Mr. Mr. Douglas Scott, President of the Cardonian Society, Mr. E. E. Sheppard, and Mr. D. W. Livingstone. The services were conducted by Rev. Dr. Milligan of Old St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church. The floral offerings were exceedingly numerous, and in addition to the beautiful pillow wreath, anchor and pillars of the family, the Caithness and other Scottish societies sent wreaths and sprays, as did several of the charitable organizations, of which deceased was a generous patron. Several commercial organizations of which the deceased was a director were also represented by those who had sat with him on the various boards, and their floral tributes were not lacking. The Board of Trustees the Commercial Travelers' Society, with the president, Mr. George Anderson, attended the funeral in a body, the society's floral offering being an anchor of rare flowers. Mr. Thomas Dunnet was a native of Wick, Caithness, Scotland, and was in his fifty-fifth year. Possessed of a good education and much business ability, he became a prosperous and much respected member of the mercantile com-Genial in his manner, charitable in his disposi tion, and possessed of more than ordinary shrewdness, he was a valued member of all the charitable and commercial organizations in which he was so prominent. For years was one of the directors of the company publishing "Saturday Night," and his colleagues on that board can certainly testify to the wisdom of his advice and their appreciation of his valued companionship, and tender to his widow, whose loss cannot be estimated their sincere

Social and Personal.

On Wednesday evening a very delightful musical and dance gathered a brilliant company at the residence of Mr. C. J. McLeod, manager of the Bank of Nova Scotia, and one of the smartest yachtsmen on Canadian waters. Mrs. Mc-Leod selected the musical as the most enjoyable way to entertain her friends, and made the evening more interesting by presenting her step-daughter, Miss Frances Gordon Mc-Leod, whose debut in her beautiful home will long have pleasant associations in the memory of the friends who welcomed her to society. The house, which has traditions of genial hospitality as the home of the Montizambert famly, was never more excellently arranged for such a festivity than on Wednesday. The ground floor is so well planned that it can be made almost one room, and the singers, whom Mrs. McLeod with admirable judgment had selected, were distinctly heard everywhere. Miss Dora McMurtry, Miss Bingham of New York, and Mr. Arthur Blight, with D'Alesandro's orchestra, filled the early part of the evening with charming songs and selections, after which a descent was made by the company to the big crimson-walled billiard room in the basement, where the daintiest of suppers waperfectly served, the guests finding flower-crowned quartette tables arranged in every direction. The whole house was lavishly done in beautiful flowers and flags, and fine palms were set in angles and corners. Mrs. McLeod, who has the grace of genuineness in every tone and look, was handsomely gowned in buttercup satin richly trimmed with fine white lace and pearls. The debutante wore white silk. She is a gentle fair-haired girl, a contrast to her fine darkhaired elder sister, who was an able and attentive assistan hostess, and looked very handsome in a white silk dress encrusted with fine white lace. A few of the guests were Sir Thomas and Lady Taylor, Mr. Nordheimer of Glenedyth, and the Misses Nordheimer, Mr. Albert Nordheimer and Miss Gladys Nordheimer, Mr. and Mrs. Coulson, the lady in a very handsome white gown, veiled with black lace; Captain Wyatt and his bonny bride, who looked stunning; Mr. and Mrs. Dignam and Lady Tulleken, who looked charming in a delicate rose voile gown with an exquisite b t of lace en berthe (and who, by the way, left for Holland this week); Colonel and Mrs. Davidson and Miss Davidson, this week); Colonel and Mrs. Davidson and Miss Davidson, the Commodore and Mrs. Aemilius Jarvis. Mrs. Jarvis in a pretty black lace and silk gown; Mr. and Mrs. Murray Alexander. Mrs. Alexander in a stunning white brocade; Senator, Mrs. and Miss Melvin-Jones, the ladies of Llawhaden looking extremely well after their summer abroad, and as u-ual exquisitely gowned, and coiffee a l'Anglaise; Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Northcote, Mrs. Northcote looking particularly nice and beautifully coiffee; Mr. and Mrs. Caldwell, the lady looking very handsome in a black lace with jetted ornuments, and being welcomed to Toronto as a ne of the good gifts we've had from Halifax; Mr, and Mrs. Inglis of the St. George, who are also among the pleasant ane of the good gifts we've had from Halliax; Mr. and Mrs. Inglis of the St. George, who are also among the pleasant reent settlers in Toronto; Dr. and Mrs. Scadding, Mrs. and Miss Wallbridge, Mr., Mrs. and the Misses Rolland Hills, the Crown Attorney and Mrs. Dewart, the bright little lady a picture in a very pretty gown: Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Brough, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Beatty, Mr. and Mrs. Beau you Jarvis, Judge and Mrs. Macdougall of Carlton Lodge, the Misses McArthur, three charming sisters; Lieutenant-Colone Stimson, Mr. and Mrs. Masten, Mr. D. R. Wilkie, Mr. Frank Strathy, Mr. Sidney Small, Mr. and Mrs. McCalum, Mr. and Mrs. Claude Fox. Dr. and Mrs. McCalum, Mr. and Mrs. Claude Fox. Dr

Major and Mrs Greville-Harston returned recently from four months' holiday in England, but Mrs. Greville Harston has been rather an invalid since their return, suf-fring from overtiring her ankle, which gave her so much trouble a year or two since. She will not receive on Tuescays this month, but in December will be ablg to see her

The wedding of Mr. Frederick William Lane and Mis-Gertrude Graham Stewart took place at half-past two

'clock on Tuesday at St. Paul's Church, Rev. Prof. Cody officiating. The church was decorated with rowan berries and knots of white ribbon, marking the guest pews, and palms and white flowers added to the harvest decorations with much effect. Miss Stewart, who is a magnificent looking girl, with a nature in harmony with her fine presence, was gowned in white satin, completely veiled in an overdress of lace, which represented a year's work of the bride's clever fingers, surely a unique garment. Her veil, an heirloom in her family for five or six generations, was of beautiful Limerick lace, and a crown of orange blossoms rested on her hair, worn a la Pompadour. Her maid of nonor and only sister, Miss Mildred Stewart, whose fine voice is so much admired, and who rivals the bride in presence, was in turquoise frock and hat, with white lace and osprey, and as she slowly preceded the bride up the aisle she sang the bridal song from "Lohengrin" most impressively. The two bridesmaids, Miss Edith Smith and Miss Elsie Helliwell, were in yellow frocks with roses applique, and guimpe and sleeves of white point d'esprit, and yellow chapeaux. All the bridal party carried huge bou-quets of white chrysanthemums. Mr. Percy Hardisty was best man. Mr. Beril Stewart, the bride's elder brother and Mr. Arthur Ritchie were the ushers, and the former also led in and gave away the bride. After the ceremony the bridal reception was held at Mrs. Stewart's residence in Col'ier street, where a patriotic canopy of flags was over the portal, and formed also a backbround in the drawing-room for the group about the bride and groom as they received the congratulations of their friends. Among hose who witnessed the marriage were Mrs. Otter, grandnother, and Colonel and Mrs. Otter, uncle and aunt of the bride; Mrs. Morton, her cousin, and Miss Porter, Mr. and Mrs. Bob Steele and Miss Steele and Mr. and Mrs. Osborne of Hamilton; Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton and Mr. and Mrs. Beau Jarvis, Miss Wallbridge, Dr. Vivien of Barrie, Mr. and Miss Ashworth, and a host of other young friends of the bride and groom. Mr. Steele proposed the health of the happy pair, and the bridegroom, unwillingly elevated on the shoulders of a group of stalwarts, made a nice little speech of thanks. Mr. and Mrs. Lane sailed for a winter in Ireland yesterday by the "Celtic," and it is safe betting that the members of the groom's family, who are a fine-looking ot of people, will receive a splendid idea of Canada's daughters when they see their new relative. A room full of very handsome gifts and a sheaf of cablegrams and telegrams with an unobtrusive but significant table covered with envelopes, containing cheques, testified that the bride is esteemed as she deserves to be, and that she will meet ve across the seas as she leaves it in Canada. Mr. and Mrs. Lane will on their return take up their residence on the bridegroom's farm at Weston.

Mr. Caldwell of the Bank of Nova Scotia and Mrs Caldwell are living at 418 Sherbourne street, where Mrs Caldwell receives on the first and third Mondays.

Last Saturday the world and his wife were on trek for he East, where, beyond the Hunt Club in the meadow of the Club, the Gymkhana was en train. Such a well-pleased crowd, such perfect autumn weather, so many pretty women, letting one have a peep for a moment at delightful frocks, then gathering closer their modish huge wraps; so nany eager huntsmen, saddling up, weighing in, laughing and jeering or congratulating one another; such roars of aughter at the potato race, and the skirt and bonnet race Twas a great success in arrangement and attendance. Te vas served in the pavilion, and the waiters could scarcely find space or time for the people who were "just dying for a cup of tea." Mr. Hendrie brought Mrs. Braithwaite down from Hamilton. Mr. Murray Hendrie won six out of eight prizes. Mr. Drew Smith and Mr. A. O. Beardmore had the "baddest behaved" horses on the field. Mrs. Cockburn oked very sweet in a Paris gown and wrap. Mrs. Hurdi-Ravenshaw and Mrs. Bradney enjoyed Canadian outdoor sports as much as their hosts could wish. Mrs. Harry Wyatt was the center of a happy group. The brides that are and the brides to be exchanged smiles and greeting. Mrs. Ewart Osborne was welcomed home, Mr. Lamon just escaped a nasty accident. Some people were cold, but

The great Sembrich came and went, leaving us a memory of sweetness and consummate art that are most satisfactory The audience did not rise with the furore expected to he programme of German and French songs, which were perectly done. As we went away, trying to get past the breadbare barrier of La Sonnambula back to music, one earer cried, "Ah, if she'd only given us more of that!" So, you see, it is hard to reach everyone alike. Sembrich flirted most audaciously with her hubby, too, who sat in he front row, and had a beautiful bald-headed time all to himself. It was the most vivid flirtation of "nods and winks and wreathed smiles" I ever assisted at, and so naughty of her, in the very eyes of all those pretty creatures from St. Margaret's, who turned out in perfect girlish prettiness by scores to worship the jolly queen of song.

Mrs. Barrington Nevitt gave a very large tea on Wedesday, to which someone told me a thousand invitations had been issued. Probably quite half that number of guests bassed under the doctor's hospitable portals, and an unusual hing was the presence of any number of men at a mid week tea. Mrs. Nevitt received in a costume of black lace and presented her guests to her mother-in-law, a handsome and gracious matron in her snowy widow's weeds, Mrs George Nevitt. Space lacks to mention the many guests who spent a pleasant hour at this bright event.

Mrs. Salter Jarvis has returned from Chatham to Peregrine Hall, 50 Maitland street. She was summoned to Chatham by the sudden death of her mother, Mrs. John E. Brooke, whose useful and peaceful life was suddenly closed on the last day of September. Mrs. Brooke was a woman of unusual ability and grace of person, and had a great

The reception given by Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell Macdona'd and officers of the 48th Highlanders last Friday evening was a great success, and a very large and smart party of society folk were at the mess-room about half-past nine. The prizes had been presented by Miss Mowat, Mrs. nine. The prizes had been presented by Miss Mowat, Mrs. Otter and Mrs. J. I. Davidson. The mess-room was pretitly arranged, and the buffet very prettily decorated with gold-colored 'mums. The D.O.C., commanding officers and their ladies, and many others were present at the recepion, and also Mrs. and the Misses Nordheimer of Glendyth, Mrs. D. D. Mann, Dr. and Mrs. Riordan, Miss Gadys Nordheimer, Mr. and Mrs. Vankoughnet, Mrs. Cowan and Miss Michie, and many others.

Mrs. Walter S. Andrews has the sympathy of a large circle of friends in her grief at the loss of her mother, whose oretty and p cturesque personality was a cherished addition of her daughter's home. Mrs. Smithett had completed ong life and had remained, until a recent serious illnes ill of interest in everything. Everyone who goes to "Whispers" will miss the gentle, silver-haired little lady

The marriage of Mr. Percy Jarvis, son of Mr. and Mrs Edgar Jarvis of Glen Road, Rosedale, and Miss Laila Francelia Culbertson of Buffalo took place on Thursday evening in Buffalo, at the Church of the Ascension, at eight o'clock. Needless to say it was a lovely event, to hose who know the Jarvis good looks and the many charm-of the bride. Mrz. and Miss Jarvis and the best man and usher, brothers of the bride, went over early in the week and Mrs. Lawrence Boyd and her father went on Thursday of white satin, with panels and bertha of rose point, and a veil and orange blossoms. Miss May Jarvis was maid of honor in a dainty gown of white point d'esprit over pale

green; the bridesmaids wore green crepe de chine, and the little flower girl, Miss Evelyn Jarvis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Jarvis, was in white. Mr. Paul Jarvis, secretary of the Toronto Board of Trade, was best man, and the ushers were Mr. Norman Jarvis, another brother of the groom, Mr. Ben Senton, and Mr. Otto Heintz. Mr. and Mr. Den Senton, and Mr. Otto Heintz. Mr. and Mr. Percy Jarvis are to make their home at Sault Ste. Marie.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Jarvis have taken up house at 733 Ontario street, corner of Howard street.

Mrs. and Miss Melvin-Jones returned to Toronto on Sunday after a summer spent abroad.

An interesting patient just now in Grace Hospital is Captain Josef Deitrich, a young Russian officer, formerly of a Cossack regiment on service in the Caucasus. Captain Deitrich came to Toronto some weeks ago, en route for Swan Lake, Manitoba, and while the guest of Professor Mayor was conscious of an injury to his knee developing serious possibilities. Though the handsome young man is putting in a tiresome time, his enforced imprisonment is orightened by the visits of many friends of his kind forme host, and it is hoped his memories of Toronto may not b altogether unpleasant.

Mrs. Alan Su'livan was not able to leave for Rat Portage, as she intended, on Monday, as she was suffering from a severe cold. Mr. and Mrs. Philip Mackenzie also delayed their departure on account of the time consumed in packing and shipping their many beautiful things.

day at 'Varsity, and elected Monsieur Des Champ-president and Mrs. Will Rose vice-president. Anyone loving French and desiring to converse and spend stated evenings in social intercourse or enjoy short "conferences" and such like, may apply for admission to the president or vice-president. The fee is two dollars per

"L'Alliance Française" had an initial meeting last Tues

Mrs. John Waldie is bringing out a fair daughter, who is to be introduced at a tea at Glenhurst next Monday week, and for whom a dance is also to be given on the following Wednesday evening. Glenhurst, in new decoraions and renovations, will be a bright rendezvous to a

This afternoon Mr. and Mrs. A. Dickson Patterson will receive at their home, 10 Elmsley place. Guests are to have the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Patterson's mother, Mrs J. Hurdis Ravenshaw, who lately arrived out from Eng-

Mrs. Robert Smith is giving a tea next Thursday in honor of Mrs. Frank Bradney, her youngest sister, who has been spending the autumn in Toronto as her guest Mrs. Bradney is one of the most attractive of women, and ner husband is a man of prominence in Argentina, where Mr. and Mrs. Bradney reside.

Yesterday Mrs. J. Lowe Brodie gave a smart ten from 4.30 to 7 o'clock at 469 Sherbourne street, and on Thursday Mrs. W. T. Murray gave a delightful reception at the same hours at her new home, 166 Crescent road.

Mrs. Pellatt's huge tea last week was one of the crushes you find women positively enjoying, and men abusing, but as there were no men in the crush on Thursday afternoon here was no protest recorded. Colonel Pellatt's residence easily queens it over all the East Side homes in its vicinity for novelty, up-to-date devices, and elaborate decoration. Entrance, salon, hall, dining-room, and the Colonel's "picture sanctum," where a snuggery and a gallery are combined, form a succession of beautiful apart ments over which the gracious lady of the mansion is a f presiding genius. Mrs. Pellatt wore a pink cora-tintegown, covered with a lovely white overdress richly em broidered and inset with white lace, and received at the entrance of the drawing-room. The guests soon found heir way down the stair draped in flags, to the bailroom n the basement, which has been transformed into an Ori ental hall in Moorish design, and was for the tea turned into a palm court. Such splendid palms as one seldon sees here made groves and cosy corners quite Eastern and maidens many and sweet slipped through the throng with all the witcheries of the East, inveigling the guests to taste the excellent things which loaded a dazzling buffet all crimson and gold and lights and flowers. Each maider wore a knot of Moorish colors.

Mrs. Angus Kirkland gave a luncheon on Tuesday in honor of Mrs. Montizambert, who is up from Ottaw: on a visit. The guests were Mrs. Nordheimer of Glenedyth. Mrs. MacMahon, Mrs. Gzowski. Mrs. Hellmuth, Mrs. Burns, Mrs. W. Cassels, Mrs. Reaves, Mrs. Hammond, Mrs. C. Walker, and Mrs. A. Mackenzie (nee Kirklard).

Major and Mrs. Carpenter have taken up house at 127 Tyndall avenue, where Mrs. Carpenter receives on the firs and second Thursdays. Miss Amy McDonough is on visit to Mrs. Carpenter.

Mrs. George S. Hart will receive next Tuesday with her sister-in-law, Mrs. Alec Cartwright, at 1A Harbord street, when Toronto friends who knew her as Miss Laura Harrison, sister of the late Captain Charles Harrison of St. John, will be glad of an opportunity to offer her good St. John, win be garriage.

Lieutenant-Colonel J. C. MacDougall and Mrs. MacDougall are now living at St. John's, Quebec, a short distance from Montreal, where Colonel MacDougall is in command of the R. C. School of Infantry.

Mr. T. W. H. Leavitt, the Conservative organizer, very ill at his home, 521 B'oor street. Dr. Musgrave is ir attendance. Mr. Leavitt's brother, Dr. A. S. Leavitt, i also with him.

Mr. and Mrs. David Kemp are living at 153 Madison venue, having removed from St. Vincent street. The Misses Bethune left for England last week.

The engagement of Miss Miriam Hellmuth and Mr. Jack Meredith is announced. Both the young people spent their childhood in London. On Tuesday Mrs. Law gave a small informal dance for

some of the friends of her son, Mr. John Law, who arrived nome last week Mr. and Mrs. Henshaw of Vancouver were in town las

week, en route for their home. Mrs. Henshaw is the gifted weiter, "Julian Durham." Miss Winnifred Kingsmill is visiting Mrs. Glyn Osler

n Ottawa. Mrs. Gordon Osler is spending some time is Mr. and Mrs. Harry Ridley have been much welcomed in town en route for the Continent from Dawson.
"The question of the hour?" repeated a gay dame. "Well.

it's 'Who's coming to Government House next?' 'Mrs. Frederick Winnett gives a tea next Tuesday from 4.30 to 7 at her home in Sherbourne street.

Mrs. I. L. Nicholls of Chatham and her little daughter

Mrs. I. L. Nicholls of Chatham and her little daughter are visiting Mrs. Hector Lamont.
Mrs. S. McDonell is removing to 119 Howland avenue.
Mr. Hamilton Gibb has left for England.
Mrs. Melvin-Jones will receive on Friday, November 14th, and on Fridays subsequently.
The engagement of Miss Violet Langmu'r and Mr. Gwynn Francis is announced.
Victoria University will hold their annual conversazione on December 6.

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white gown, a picture of happiness at her first dance; Miss Etta Taylor, who wore a lovely Stitt gown of tucked gauze, with the most original and fetching pointed floating draperies by way of sleeves, and Miss Eleanore Cosgrave, whose pet mame of "Dimples" is best known to her intimates, and who looked a queenly debutante in her rich gown of white satin and embroidery applique and lace, were three of the girls who formally came out at the Victoria Club ball. Others present were Mr. and Mrs. Lukes and Miss Lukes, Mrs. Arthur Spragge, in black velvet and white lace, and Miss Florence Spragge, Miss Street, very dainty in pale blue with pink roses; Miss Evelyn Cox, in a lovely white brocade and red roses; Miss Ashworth, looking very pretty; Miss Michie, in black net; Miss Mary Davidson, in pink silk; Miss Allayne Jones, in palest blue, and Miss Joan Arnoldi, in black mousseline de soie; Miss Enid Wornum wore yellow satin, Miss Alice Cook looked very pretty; Mrs. Jim Bain, in pale blue silk; Miss Maude Proctor and Miss Lily Ellis were with the bride, Mrs. Horrocks: Social and Personal.

The first large dance of the season is always given at the Victoria Rink, and that of last week, which is now, alas! rather ancient history, was a good opening to what promises to be a particularily pleasant winter socially. There are lots of new people settling in our city; a glance at the names of guests at any public function would settle that point, if the list were up to date, but it takes time for the observant to catch the individuality of newcomers, and the careless live unwotting of many pleasant arrivals for the entire season. At the Victoria Club dance an old-timer would be puzzled to find so few of the guests of even five years ago. Instead, a jolly young coterie, well gowned, confident of charm, and carrying all before them, were to be seen. There were some of the stand-bys of this famous club, however, the president and secretary, genial and courteous as ever, Mrs. Sweny of Roballion, Mr. Harton Walker, Mr. and Mrs. John Kay, Colonel and Mrs. Davidson, Mrs. Victor Armstrong, Mr. and Mrs. McArthur, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Duggan, Mr. Henry Mc. Millan, Mr. Goulding, Mr. Playter, Mr. Hareld Muntz, being among those present. The scheme of decoration appealed most pleasantly to the guests, having a picturesque sylvan quality not before attempted in this rink. The soft green of a grove of hemlock lined the bare facade of the galleries and softened into semblance of forest glades the cloisters which encircle the dancing floor. Rich rugs and portieres were lavishly used to line the embrasures and the low, broad window-seats, and the high arch of the roof was a conglomeration of flags, pennants, Japanese umbrellas and lanterns. The effect was new and decidedly beautiful. The patronesses, as usual, received at the left of the entrance where lavishly user. Social and Personal. silk; Miss Maude Proctor and Miss Lily Ellis were with the bride, Mrs. Horrocks: Miss Dwight was in tucked black net, with white ribbons; Miss Ruth Fuller, in white lace over silk. Mrs. Eastwood brought her handsome daughter, Miss Winifred. Mrs. Byford chaperoned her charmingly pretty daughter, Miss Jennie, who wore pastel blue voile, with tiny velvet bows. Miss Stout and Miss Buckner wore pink gowns. Mrs. Massey was very handsome in a rich satin gown. Mrs. Worthington wore lavender, with white lace. Mrs. T. B. Taylor wore a beautiful Paris frock of pale blue crepe, with exquisite trimmings. A great many of the young matrons and girls wore black dresses, lace, point d'esprit or chiffon, brightened by dainty roses or huge white muns. A strikingly quaint gown and nants, Japanese umbrellas and lanterns. The effect was new and decidedly beautiful. The patronesses, as usual, received at the left of the entrance, where luxurious fauteuils and soft rugs made a little boudoir corner for their comfort. The musicians' dais was set on the right of the entrance, and the music was very good, though the programme bristled with very commonplace and unrefined titles to the first-rate melodies. A reporter says the floor was perfect, but even the glamor of a jolly evening cannot get that adjective into this veracious chronicle. The Victoria Rink's floor is mums. A strikingly quaint gown and coffure was that of Miss Keefer, the dress of black lace in Empire style over white, and the hair a la Grecque, with bandeau of pearls. Miss Merton of Oshawa and Miss Scott of Quebec were very popular guests at the Victoria Club dance. Miss Gwen Francis looked very pretty in a red frock. Mrs. Kearns was a picture in shirred pink chiffon with handsome ecru application of lace. shronicle. The Victoria Rink's floor is chronicle. The Victoria Rink's floor is its only weak point, and aching ankles are the rule for the dancers next day. However, they don't seem to care as they dance, whether its corrugated or glassy, and that's a high compliment to the popular club. Such a good supper they gave us, and so nicely served, in a marquee filling the east end of the immense rink and looking most brilliant when quee filling the east end of the immense rink, and looking most brilliant when the great table of honor was surrounded by the handsome chaperones and their attendant cavaliers. There were uni-forms a-plenty, but not nearly so plenty as if the Highlanders had not held their prize-giving and Colonel Macdonald his reception on the same evening. Among others, the Government House party were due officially at the prize-giving, and

The impetus given to the matrimonial market by the good times we are enjoying has resulted in a plentiful lot of weddings, and these have so infected the young folks with a spirit of emulation that engagements are being announced on every side. One, of which I gave a hint lately, has caused great satisfaction and congratulation in the smart set.

Mrs. J. R. Stratton spent a few days in town this week, purchasing fittings for her new home in Peterboro'. The Provincial Secretary has recently bought a very fine place, which has been en-larged and improved. Mrs. Stratton left for her home yesterday, I understand.

others, the Government House party were due officially at the prize-giving, and did not attend the ball. Among the military men present who interested the young folk especially were the two West African officers who are home on leave, Captain Crean and Mr. Boddy; Mr. Fraser Homer Dixon, a very bronzed warrior, who brought his sister, Miss Ida Homer Dixon, and Mr. Gordon Magee, who is much enjoying his leave. There The musical play at the Princess caught on early this week, and on Tuesday the theater held a very smart audience. The boxes overflowed with briliant groups, and the ushers and bridesmaids and best man of the Lane-Stewart maids and best man of the Lane-Stewart wedding occupied seats in the stalls. Mrs. Charles Reid gave a large box party, and vis-a-vis were Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Cox, Miss Lottie Wood, Miss Sybil Seymour, Mr. McDowall Thomson, and several others. Miss Ruth Fuller looked very pretty in an upper loge with some friends. Many prominent persons enjoyed the play from the stalls and laughed themselves tired at the vagaries of the hoopskirts worn by the ladies of the early sixties. Never were comparisons more "odorous" than those made between this play and the author's former success, Homer Dixon, and Mr. Gordon Magee, who is much enjoying his leave. There were several debutantes, whose chaperones looked after them so well, and who supplemented their care so thoroughly by their own pretty charms that they were never to be more than glanced at as they floated by in dance after dance. Miss Muriel Cronyn, in a simple girlish play and the author's former success, "Dolly Varden." The period of the Civil War in America was so full of incident, leading inevitably to the tragic, that a true picture of the times must be set far true picture of the times must be set far away from the light and airy persiflage of Dolly's era. As for the girls, their costumes and the dance of the period, the hop waltz, with its old-fashioned tunes, there be some of us who can vouch with amused recollection for the correctness of the representation seen at the Princess this week. No one should make a good laugh at the fashion fearless miss a good laugh at the fashion freaks

Major Herbert Carrington Smith is spending his leave in Canada, and will visit his brother, Mr. C. C. Smith, mana-ger of the Quebec Bank. In the mean-time another visitor has lately arrived at the Carrington Smith's, as the stork called last week with a small daughter.

Dr. Percy Vivien of Barrie came down for the Lane-Stewart wedding on Tuesday, attended the elever performance at the Princess in the evening and caught the eleven o'clock train for home. Dr. Vivien was laughingly congratulated on the arrival of his son and heir by all his old friends.

Mrs. Arthur Martens held her post-nup

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tial reception this week at her home, 19 tial reception this week at her home, 19 Chicora avenue. Mrs. Frank Arnoldi received with the bride on Friday (yesterday). Mrs. Martens is a Kentuckian and her husband is connected with some of Toronto's old families. Mrs. Arnoldi gave a small tea for Mrs. Martens one day this week.

Mrs. Ahearn of Ottawa, who visited Miss Denzil and Mrs. George Eulas Fos-ter this week, returned to Ottawa or Wednesday. On Monday afternoon Mrs Wednesday. On Monday afternoon Mrs. Foster entertained a few friends at tea to meet Mrs. Ahearn, including Lady Thompson, Mrs. G. A. Cox, Mrs. and Miss Ross, Mrs. Frank Hodgins, Mrs. Ridout, Miss Denzil, Mrs. John Hoskin, Mrs. Millman, Mrs. Loudon, Mrs. Harry Drayton and Mrs. Foy. Miss Taylor and Miss Ross poured tea and took charge of the tea-table, which was very prettily set and decorated with pink roses in the dining-room. It was a cosy and informal little gathering, and all much enjoyed it,

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Norma sprang across the room, and

impostor, this adventuress!"
"I shouldn't have been sorry if I'd thought she was that," said Norma, carnestly, "but indeed I'm afraid you won't think that either when you come face to face with her. She wanted to see

But through all his almost boisterous

assurances that all would be well, Nor-ona detected a vague, unacknowledged uneasiness; and she was not surprised when he presently sank into moody si-lence, and sat back in his chair, with an

air of reserve and gloomy foreboding

She, on her side, had by this time grown so accustomed to the miserable position of affairs that she was complete mistress of herself, and was presently able to steal gently to Astley's side, to

able to steal gently to Astley's side, to thrust a loving hand into his, and to try to console him for the fresh misery which, so she declared, it was she herself who had brought upon him.

By this time he was feeling ill and weak from the strain of strong emotion, acting upon a frame enfeebled by fever and by his premature exertion of the afternoon.

He began to shiver again, and Norma

was full of fears for him, and dreaded a recurrence of the fever that night. Astley was rather glad of these symp

toms, since they gave him a right to her renewed attentions. When she expressed her intention of sitting up with him, he made but a faint murmur of protest, and she felt comforted in her heart of

earts at having this excuse for remain

ing near him.

He passed a peaceful night, on the whole; though he started up from time to time complaining that he had bad

dreams. And towards morning he slept quietly enough for Norma to slip out of the room and away to her own vast apartment, where, with tears in her eyes,

he began to prepare her things for pack

Go she must, and soon. She felt sure

Astley, if indeed he was as confident as he pretended that it was only a trick which had been played upon her for the purpose of extorting money. And she did not feel strong enough to stand firm

against his entreaties to her to remain near him, while at the same time she felt certain that nothing but miser's could come to him through her staying at Darwen Haigh if the truth of Lottie's

xistence in the flesh were once der strated beyond any doubt.
When Dr. Wharles came that morning

she would have gone to meet him; but Astley, who had not yet got up, sent Martin to command, rather than to re-

quest her to come to him.
"That fellow Wharles has dared to

turn up," growled Astley as soon as Norma came to his bedside, "I won't see him. And neither shall you."

"I'll Lave no buts. You're to do as I

tell you. Do you hear?"
"Yes," said Norma meekly, as she
withdrew a step or two, white and trem-

"Then you may go," said he. He was snappish, peremptory, irritable beyond his wont. She went back to her room, and heard with a fast-beating heart the wheels of the doctor's gig on the drive. She had wanted an explanation with him above all things, and she dreaded the attitude Astley was taking up.

When she went downstairs, and sat

When she went downstairs, and sat done at breakfast in the dreary morn-ing-room at the front of the house, which was shut in by leafless trees and unntterably depressing, she saw a per-son who looked, she thought, like a doe-

or's man servant, approaching the house with a letter in his hand. She rose to her feet, feeling sure that he had brought a letter for herself from the doctor or his wite. She looked at the clock, and

his wife. She looked at the clock, and saw that enough time had clapsed for Dr. Wharles to reach home, to write and send a note to her, demanding an ex-planation of Astley's refusal to see him.

alting footsteps she knew in the hal utside, and ran to the door, just as Ast

y opened it and came in. He was white as the dead, and shaking

"It's true, great Heavens, it's true!" said he hoarsely. And with a trembling hand he held out to her a letter in a woman's hand-

writing.
"It's from her, from Lottie. There's
to trick. It's no forgery. Read it, read
t!" stammered he as he threw himself

ke a leaf.

Then you may go," said he.

to be afraid.

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Synopsis of Instalments I. to VII.—Instalment I. describes the meeting at a country inn, under sensational circumstances, of a man and w.man. The former, Astley Darwen, is ill with a gunshot wound; his companion is rendered unrecognizable by the water from which he has rescued her, and seems wishful to keep her identity hidden. They part, to meet again in an Oxford drawing-room, where Astley discovers that the lady of the adventure, Norma Bascot, is beautiful—an heiress—and said to be engaged to her cousin. Time goes on. One afternoon Norma startles Astley by asking: "Would you marry a girl, not really, but at a registry office, to set her free?" Strange as the proposition is, it results in an affirmative answer. Norma's relatives are so incensed against her that she goes to her husband's hotel, meeting a strange woman in the hall. Astley tells his wife that he had been married before, and that divorce proceedings had only been stayed owing to Lottle's sudden death. He promises to call on the Bascots, and on his failing to do so Norma returns to the hotel to find that he has gone: A letter reassures her, however. It states that Sir Hugh Darwen, Astley's bachelor cousin, has had a serious accident. A telegram follows to say he is dead. Norma feels what a terrible mistake she has made in binding Astley's life to hers. Sie goes with her husband to Darwen Haigh, where she has an interview with Dr. Wharles. Sir Astley's brother-in-law, which is full of awful premonition, and a few days afterwards a note arrives from the Doctor saying that his sister-in-law, which is full of awful premonition, and a few days afterwards a note arrives from the Doctor saying that his sister-in-law, which is full of awful premonition, and a few days afterwards a note arrives from the Doctor saying that his sister-in-law, which is very ill. She promises Lottle money, and has just met her by appointment in the grounds when Astley appears, having left his sick-room in his anxiety to know what Norma is doing.

CHAPTER XII

"Astley! you here! Out in the cold said damp! Oh, how could you? How could you? Come in, come indoors this

Minute!"

Norma spoke as if to a perverse child, chidingly, affectionately, and as she spoke led him towards the house by the door which she had used. Submissively he limped along, and as to all his enquiries as to what she herself had been doing in the orchard she would say nothing but "SN-sh! I'll tell you presently." he dropped into silence, apparently satisfied by her manner, and content to wait her good pleasure for an explanation.

So they went upstairs, quietly, like two naughty children afraid of being caught after an escapade; and it was not minute

caught after an escapade; and it was not until they were back again in Astley's room that he turned to her, and again demanded why she had gone out in the

"Don't you know," said she, evading his question, "that I haven't been out-side the house since I came here? Sure-ly you could spare me those few min-

"You are making excuses," said he, arply. "You went out to see some-te? Come, was it Wharles?" Norma was able to laugh at this ques-

'Dr. Wharles! No, indeed it was not!

"Dr. Wharles! No, indeed it was not! If you must be inquisitive and pry into things which really don't concern you at ail, I went out to see a woman, a poor woman who was in want of money." "What woman? You don't know any body here yet. You are telling me false-hoods. Why do you do it?" He stamped angrily on the floor, as he leaned against the mantelpiece. Norma thought it best to take a high hand with him.

"Sit down," she said peremptorily, "sit down here this moment. You don't know what harm you may have done to your-self by going out in the damp, when you are scarcely convalescent after fever." "Fever! Nonsense! I was all right. It was only that fool Wharles who chose

retend I was ill, in order to get his into the house!" said Astley, angrily. Norma would not listen to him. She

insisted on his seating himself again in the cosy armchair which had been put in the corner by the fire for him, and herself among the medicine bottles which stood in a row on a side-table. Suddenly Astley's voice rang out in

peremptory accents:
"Put those things down, and come

The voice thrilled her, but she would not come. She was afraid. So she made an excuse, without looking round: "I must just see first which of these bottles can be thrown away now. There' the tonie: I must keep that; and there'

Then she felt herself seized and drawn away from the table, and a moment later she was seated in a low chair by the fire, and Astley, in his chair, was

leaning over her.
"When are you going to London to
take up your abode in the East End.
Lady Darwen?"

Norma turned red, turned white, looked down at the carpet, trembled and said nothing. Astley patted her hand

"tome, answer me, when are you go-ing? You came up here to oblige me, and you were good enough to stay be-cause I was ill; but now that I'm all right again, surely you're dying to get

Norma waited till she could trust her voice, and then said solemnly: "I'm going in a few days. I meant to tell you

He seemed to be rather taken aback He seemed to be rather taken aback by this reply. After a short pause, dur-ing which he had leaned back in his chair, and Norma had felt the greatest difficulty in keeping back the tears, he bent forward again to say: "Rather sudden this, isn't it? You had made up your mind to stay, so I' understood. Have I grown too unbear-able?"

His lover-like tone and manner thrilled Norma through and through. She dared

not look round, but sat very still and upright, clasping her hands on her knees and looking solemnly at the fire. It was horribly hard to do what was right, what was best for him. She was longing to turn her eyes to his to whis-

per to him that she was ready, then and always, to give her life to him, to be his slave, his nurse in sickness, anything to be near him. But even while these passionate longings filled her heart, her intelligence, quickened in the service of the man she loved, told her that there was no safety for him or for her but in such semblance of coldness as she could put on. The puzzle of Lottie's reappearance must first be cleared up; and before that, Astley must be himself again, well enough to bear the terrible shock in store for him. per to him that she was ready, then and

store for him. So she maintained, though at great cost to herself, an attitude of rigidity and apparent indifference, as she said deliberately after a few moments' pause:

"You are always kind, always charming. I should like to stay here longer, But I've been thinking things over, and I've decided, if you'll let me, to go to London and see my mother's lawyers, and make them understand how I am placed. I'm sure I ought to do this, and that I ought to have arranged to go be-

Astley drew back, hurt. astrey drew back, nurt.
"Oh, of course I shouldn't think of putting any obstacle in the way of your
going to see your lawyers, or anyone
else. Do you propose to carry out the programme you had previously arranged for yourself? Is the East End of Lon

don to be your future home? For your objective to answer, but her voice broke. He softened immediately, but yet through the kind words he used it was asy to see that he was offended, puzzled

"I didn't mean to be unkind. Of course you are free to carry out your intention if you choose. It was under-stood from the first that each was to go

is own way, wasn't it?"
Norma, fighting against the tears, gave sickly little inclination of the head to

wards the glowing fire.

"And if I was vain enough to fancy that I had made such an attractive invalid, had taken my gruel so beautifully, and swallowed Wharles's poisonous." y, and swanowed whaters posonous draughts so gracefully, that you would never have the heart to adhere to your original intention, why, that's my look-out, isn't it?"

A stifled sob was Norma's only an-

Astley looked at her for a mo swer. Astley looked at her for a mo-ment, leaning back in his own chair, and holding up his head in an offended man-ner, as if he expected her to turn sud-denly and make amends. But when she did nothing of the kind, but still sat staring, and persistently turning away her face, with a stiffness of manner which showed no intention of relenting er so little, he leant abruptly from his hair, and began to walk up and down

e room.
Something rose in Norma's heart that orced her to move, to speak. If her life ad depended upon her silence, she could of have let this man, who had saved her fe, who had sacrificed himself, so she

life, who had sacrificed himself, so she felt, for her, pace up and down, restless, dissatisfied, without giving him so much as a word of sympathy or tenderness. So she unclasped her hands, and just said "Oh!" ever so softly below her breath. But not so low but that it caught Astley's ear, and brought him back quickly, glowing, tender, passionate, to her side. The next moment he was upon his knees beside her low chair, his head resting on her shoulder.

upon his knees beside her how chair, his head resting on her shoulder. "Why are you unkind? Why do you blow hot and cold with the same breath" Why do I see love in your eyes, and yet hear cold words, cruel words, from your hear cold words, cruel words, from your lips? Oh, Norma, Norma, woman's an enigma always! Way do you do this, child? What silly fancy is in your mind? Don't you know that I love you, and that you are my wife?"

His hands were on her arms, his plead-ing eyes were raised to her face. Norma could not bear it. With a low, heart-broken cry she drew away and stood up, "No no mo" she cried in a value.

"No, no, no," she cried, in a voice broken by sobs, "not your wife. Oh. if

And, scarcely uttering the last words a voice loud enough to be heard, she uried her face in her hands, and, lean-ng against the mantelpiece, sobbed as the very springs of life and joy wer oken within her.

Astley stood still for a moment, mis Astery stood still for a moment, his moderstanding her. Was she so modest a silly, as to doubt him? Did she think was not in earnest? Could she have doubt as to his feelings for her?

my doubt as to his feelings for her?
Wondering, doubting, uneasy, yet
suched to the quick by her distress, he
rew near to her step by step, until he
as able to lay his hand lightly upon her The thrill which ran through her, th

gh which escaped her lips seemed to be aswer enough to his doubts. "My wife," said he, below his breath my little wife, look up at me, look up say. Don't you know that even if you

marry me at a registry office yo bound to obey me?"

re bound to obey me?"

His playful tone, which yet did not dide the deep carnestness underneath, oreed from her another cry, more heartroken than before. Losing her pruence, her dear-bought reticence at one reath, she raised a flushed and quivering face to his, stammering out amid her

"Oh, don't, don't, you break my heart tell you, I must, though I mean t. I'm n-n-not your w-w-wife

Astley received the news with a starutter incredulity. Then he laughe

"Oh, nonsense," said he; "who's been elling you that stuff? Ah, I know! I an guess! That beast Wharles—and his

And he stamped his foot, not in con ernation, but in vivid anger. Norma looked at him, half in hope and

Norma looked at him, half in hope and half in fear. There was more to tell him, unhappily.

"It's from her, from Lottie. There's out scheme for confounding him and his no trick. It's no forgery. Read it, read it!" stammered he as he threw himself into a chair.

Without a word Norma took the let with a gloomy mind. Mrs. Wharles went on, irrather peculiar hand, and, first dashing the hard across her eyes, which were for the time of the world, and they will see the search of the triple of the search of t

even in your delirium you recognized er voice, her footstep!" But, earnest as her tone was, clear as the moment dim and moist, she read

the moment dim and moise, such these words:

"Dear' Astley—It's all true, and I confess it. Will you ever forgive me for this deceit? They say you won't, but I think I know you better. You cared for me once; can't you forgive me and care for me again? Your unhappy wife, "LOTTIE." But, earnest as her tone was, clear as were her words, Astley persisted in his attitude of utter disbelief in her story.

"Oh, no, no, it's some trick," said he. It's some plot laid by that doctor and his precious wife. Oh, I know it is! I'm sure of it. Only wait till I've come face to face with them, and you'll see." He had turned away for a moment, so angry hat he could scarcely trust himself to speak. Then he again faced her, with his eyes aflame. "They dared introduce her into my house, this woman, whoever she was, and let her speak to you! It's an insult I'll make that cur pay for. I'll When Norma had read it, she laid it

down on the table, and met Astley's eyes with a long look. Both felt that there was no longer room for hope.

CHAPTER XIII.

"What shall we do?" asked Norma hoarsely, after a long pause. Astley pulled himself together, and, snatching up the letter, buttoned it up in his coat-pocket with an air of deter-mination. Norma sprang across the room, and laid a restraining hand upon his arm.
"Listen," she said, "just listen."
But he would not. He turned upon her, and went on, as furiously as ever.
"They made you pay, of course. Tell mination.
"I shall go round to the Wharles'

"They made you pay, of course. Tell me, you had to pay her something, had you not? Ah! That was what you were doing out in the orchard! Come, you may as well confess, since I've made a nouse. She is staying with them, you ee. I shall see her, tell her plainly that mean to go on with the case against her, and let her know, at the same time, house. that she will be provided for. I think that will put an end to all difficulties, as she and the family have shown plainly enough that they look at the whole business in the most sordid way."

"And if—supposing you can't prove anything? You know they say you can't." Reluctantly Norma acknowledged that ne was right.
"I did give her some money," she admitted, imploringly, "but she was not rude or cruel to me. She was gentle, ashamed of herself. I felt half sorry for her, I did indeed!"
"Sorry!" cried Astley, "sorry for this

can't."
"I don't believe it," said he shortly

The information 1 received about he conduct was too circumstantial. There there, I can't bear to have to talk about it to you." He stopped in front of her, with a look of the deepest solicitude on his face. "I don't know what to do for his face. "I don't know what to do for the best as regards you," he went on tenderly. "Perhaps I shall know better when—when I've seen these people." And he turned away abruptly, and to face with her. She wanted to see you, you know."
"She said she did," retorted Astley, obstinately. "But you'll find, when it comes to the point, the lady will have disappeared. Oh, to think you could be taken in so easily! Come, kiss me, child, kiss me; you are my wife, never fear!"
And he flung his arm round her, and, with a loud laugh which was not as hearty as he intended and believed, pressed his lips to hers, and told her not to, be afraid.

And he turned away abruptly, and walked towards the door.

Norma ran after him, and tried to smile into his face.

"You are not to trouble your head about me," she said gently. "I'm not unhappy, and nothing they can do will make me unhappy. Remember that. It is for you, you only that I'm concerned in this matter. Not for myself. Really," Then she ran back again, and he after

Then she ran back again, and he, after

Then she ran back again, and he, after a moment's hesitancy, restrained his inclination to go back to her, and saying, in a low voice: "Thanks, thanks, dear," he left the room quickly.

A little later she saw a dog-cart brought round to the front door, and Astley, wrapped up to the eyes, got in beside the groom, to whom he left the deriving. driving. He had lost no time.

The doctor's house was in a road on the outskirts of Blackdale, and was a conventionally fanciful red brick house of the usual modern suburban type, standing at the corner of a road, with a little bit of garden in front, and a little bit more behind.

bit more behind.

There was a brass plate on the door, and there were flower-boxes of rather showy colors in the windows; and the lace curtains were pink, and were arranged in a fashion more eccentric than tasteful. The whole house seemed to wear a sort of ostentatious air of being inhabited by people who thought themselves of more importance than their neighbors, so Astley thought as he got

selves of more importance than their neighbors, so Astley thought as he got down from the dog-cart and walked up the garden-path.

He asked for Dr. Wharles, but was told by the servant that he had started on his morning round. Then for Mrs. Wharles. Yes, the doctor's wife was at home, and Astley was shown into the drawing-room, a front room on the right, turnished in the worst of would-be elefurnished in the worst of would-be ele

As he entered, the folding doors which cut the room in half were hastily shut, and Astley heard whispering, scuffling, and then the closing of a door.

He caught also the sound of a suppressed laugh, and the anger which already possessed him against these intriguing greedy recole pressed to infold

ready possessed him against these intriguing, greedy people increased tenfold. He was seized by an impulse to tear open the folding-doors and to confront the giggling women, one of whom, as he guessed, was Lottie; but he restrained aimself: and after he had waited a couple of minutes, the door by which he had entered opened, and not only Mrs. Wharles, but her widowed sister, Mrs. Finch, came in. Finch, came in.

He bowed coldly to them both.
"Where is Lottie?" he asked abruptly.
"She won't come," said Mrs. Wharles.
"She's afraid of what you would say to

Astley shrugged his shoulders.
"She must risk that," said he shortly.
"I don't mean to leave the house till I Mrs. Wharles turned to her sister, who

was a much less showy-looking person than herself, very well but quietly dressed, and of more simple and straight-

forward manners than the doctor's wife.
"Emmeline," said Mrs. Wharles, "go and tell her she must come. Sir Astley insists." Then, as Mrs. Finch went out. he continued: "You mustn't be surprised at Lottie's shyness. She's awfully ushamed of herself, and sorry now, for what she did. Did you get her letter?" "Yes," said he. "But of course for-

"Yes," said he. "But of course for-giveness is out of the question. Unless someone had suggested it to her, I'm sure she would never have conceived it possible that I could entertain such an ea. Does she consider the frightful po she placed another woman in by her wicked freak?"

"Well, well, we never thought you

would marry again so soon, you know,' said the doctor's wife, who seemed, he thought, to be taking things very coolly "I've no doubt if you hadn't been in such hurry to marry again, you would soon have had a wild letter from Lottie, beg

ging your forgiveness."

"I had too much to forgive," said Astley shortly. "I am writing to my lawyers, and they will go on with the divorce proceedings at once."

"That won't be of much use," said the

But no one came into the room. And oresently Norma saw the man returning iown the drive towards the lodge gates. As she stood at the window, watching and wondering whether it was to Astley he doctor had written, she heard the doctor's wife with assurance, "since Em meline or I was with her all the time you were away, besides her own mother You will have too many witnesses

against you to prove anything."
For the first time it flashed through
Astley's mind that there was a danger
he had not thought of to be considered. Emmeline Finch was not a bad sort o woman; he thought he could take her word. But both Mrs. Wharles and her mother, Mrs. Midsomer, were intriguers of the most unblushing type, ready to swear to anything, and no doubt both prepared with an elaborately thought-out scheme for confounding him and his

You'll never taste a better Tea than

CEYLON. It has reached the height of perfection, and leads all others in quality.

that she has justice done her."

"She is likely to have a little more than justice, although she gives less than justice to others," said Astley bitterly.

Mrs. Wharles watched him narrowly.

"Well, well, Sir Astley," said she in a more conciliatory tone, "you know she was always rather flighty, and apt to act on impulse."

"Surely you're not going to try to ex-

act on impulse."
"Surely you're not going to try to excuse her conduct!" cried he impatiently.
"No, oh no. Nobody has spoken to her more strongly than I, except Emmeline"

line."

Astley turned upon her sharply.

"Why didn't Mrs. Finch interfere to prevent this trick being played upon me? Why didn't she write to me? It's not like her to behave so. I always

not like her to behave so. I always looked upon her as a straightforward woman."

"She was away from home, and didn't come back until it was all over," explained Mrs. Wharles. "Then it was too late to say anything, and she had to stand by her sister."

Astley still looked puzzled.
"Somebody must have died" said he.

Astley still looked puzzled.

"Somebody must have died," said he.
"Somebody must have been buried. I shall get an order from the Home Secretary to have the body exhumed."

"Certainly you had better do that, if you think there's any doubt about it," said the doctor's wife with cold indifference. "But I should think that a still simpler plan would be for you to take a seat and wait quietly for five minutes, until Emmeline has persuaded Lottie to come in and see you. Or do you think that you will fail to recognize your own wife when you see her?"

that you will fall to recognize your own wife when you see her?"
"Wife!" Astley writhed at the word.
"She is no wife of mine!"
Mrs. Wharles shrugged her shoulders.
"The law says she is," she said languidly; "but as the poor child is quite ready to efface herself, and to go away and never trouble you again, I don't know what more you would have."
Astley moved with an impatient frown.
"What nonsense! Either she is alive,

Astey moved with an impatient frown.

"What nonsense! Either she is alive, and is my wife, and must be treated as if she were, or—she is not. There's no question of compromise in such things. So I regret that I am not able to take

So I regret that I am not able to take advantage of your easy morality."

The doctor's wife drew herself up haughtily.
"Sir Astley, you surprise me!" said she. "If Dr. Wharles were at home he would insist upon your apologizing for daring to use such an insulting expression to me." sion to me. The lady glared at him in righteous in

dignation.

But Astley took her outburst very

easily.
"If Dr. Wharles were at home, snarled he, holding on by the back of a chair and leaning forward, which his face convulsed with passion, "I should not wait to listen to his remarks upon that or upon any other subject, but I should give him the thrashing he thoroughly eserves."
Mrs. Wharles grew suddenly white

For the first time she noticed that Ast for the first time sine noticed that Ase ley was carrying a hunting-whip, the strong stock of which was a formidable weapon. Her tone changed immediately "Surely, Sir Astley," faltered she, with pale lips, "you wouldn't care to expose pale lips, "you wouldn't care to expose this aflair and make it a common scan-dal!"

"I intend to expose your husband," re

torted Astley frmily. "Whatever the truth of this matter may be, I know very well that he has had a hand in a very ugly plot—"
"What!" cried Mrs. Wharles indig-

nantly. "Do you mean that you accuse him of inciting Lottic to deceive you!" "I mean that. I feel myself and—and someone else to be the victims of a parcel of rascally intriguers, and I mean that I will have justice upon them, who

ever they are."

As his voice rose upon these last words the door of the room was opened timid-ly, and Mrs. Finch, looking at Astley with an alarmed expression, re-entered

Well-won't she come?" cried Mrs "Well—won't she come?" cried Mrs. Wharles eagerly, rising from her chair and speaking with intense excitement. Mrs. Finch shook her head. "Tell her she must, she must!" cried the doctor's wife, the property of the control principles for the property of the control principles. stamping her foot and raising her voice

stamping her foot and raising her voice. "I'll go myself and bring her. She has got to come and justify me in the eyes of this man. Let me pass."
"It's of no use," said Mrs. Finch, shaking her head despairingly. "She wouldn't come. And when I tried to bring her downstairs by force, she tore herself away and ran out of the house."
"Out of the house! Why then she'll be seen, after all our care!" cried Mrs. Wharles.

Wharles Astley interrupted her with harsh laugh.
"Oh, don't distress yourselves," said

the. "I don't suppose she's gone any further than you wished her to go!"
And, with a profound bow to both of them, he went to the door.
"You don't mean to say—" "You don't mean to say-

"Whatever I mean to say shall be said to Dr. Wharles," he cut in shortly. "This is a matter which can be better discussed between man and man, than between man and-ladies.

They both began to speak at once, the one angrily, the other apologetically But he would not wait to hear them. He But he would not wait to hear them. He dashed out of the house as quickly as his lameness would allow, got into the dogeart, and told the man to drive him to the telegraph office.

There he despatched the following message to the office of his London solicitors, directing to the partner who knew the most of his affairs:

"Come down to see me at once if you can. Most important. Wire reply."

Then he drove back towards home.

Then he drove back towards home flushed, restless, excited and miserable He did not know what to believe. The one conviction that stood out ently in his mind was that the instiga tor of the plot which had been so success fully formed for the ruin of his happi ness, was his bete noire, the handsome Dr. Wharles.

(To be continued.)

A Popular Improvement.

The Grand Trunk have again demonstrated their determination to merit public favor by adding a handsome Pullman parlor car to the equipment of the 1 p.m. express, for Guelph, Stratford, Port Huron and Detroit (except Sunday). This, together with the wide vestibule coaches operated on this train muke it one of operated on this train, make it one of the most comfortable and up to date of this great system. Ticket reservations at city office, northwest corner King and Yonge streets.

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Breaks.

The breakers broke on the broken shore And the maiden in her brake Broke out in a laugh at the frown he wore As the storm broke o'er the lake.

He made a break for the distant brake, Where the thick brakes spread their shade. But the cattle broke from their brake to make Him grieve o'er the break he'd made.

So the landlord broke him all up when, In broken tones, he spoke
About his bill, and he broke down then,
Confessing that he was "broke."
—Chicago "Record-Herald."

What is a Gentlewoman?

There is a pleasant anecdote of the pressing of two schoolboys to define the The first, who appears to have the "Situations Wanted" colterm. studied the "Situations Wanted" col-umns of the daily papers, promptly an-swered "A housekeeper!" while the sec-ond went one better by declaring that a gentlewoman was "the opposite of a gentleman."

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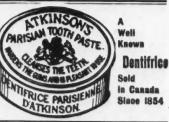
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Curious Bits of News.

In an indignant editorial, the Des In an indignant editorial, the Des Moines "Register and Leader" recently remarked: "The lady (?) who yesterday called the attention of another to our patched breeches, whereat both laughed so heartily, is informed that a new pair will be purchased when her husband's bill is settled. It has been due nearly a year. Don't criticize a printer's dress too closely while you are wearing silk with money due us. Tell your husband to send us \$40.78, and save the cost of a lawsuit. We need another pair of pants."

Among the new uses to which paper is being put are artificial teeth and "uppers" for boots and shoes. The old saying, "There is nothing like leather," may some time be changed to "There's nothing like paper." At this very moment a substantial business firm in Boston is substantial business firm in Boston is considering a proposition to take up the work of manufacturing paper hats. By and by a high hat, dress suit and shoes rivaling patent leathers, all made of paper, may be considered quite the correct thing. The paper age may astonish the world to a greater degree than any that have preceded it.

In the center of a piece of Cana-dian birch timber, which recently ar-rived at High Wycombe, Eng., was found a young birch tree, 2 1.2 inches in diameter. It had escaped the saw, al-though the piece of wood was only three inches in thickness. The young birch had enjoyed an independent growth, and had enjoyed an independent growth, and it is supposed that years ago a seed fell into a hollow part of the old tree and developed into a sapling, forcing its way up through the trunk of its parent. The hollow was completely filled for a distance of several yards. This curious freak of nature is to be preserved.

So many members of the staff of the Mafeking "Mail" were recently incapacitated at one time that the editors felt obliged to apologize for the paucity of news in a certain issue. "We are sorry," they said, "but we could not help it. One of the staff had rheumatics and partial paralysis of the shoulder, another has had a few days' colic, and yet another could not come to work because his child was dangerously ill. One left without notice and paid two pounds for an interview with the resident magistrate in consequence, and another seized the opportunity to break into teetotalism, while more terrible still, one of our best went and got married."

The Chinese representative at Washington, in a recent despatch to Pekin, stated that some of the Chinese students in the United States had begun to dents in the United States had begun to cut off their queues and to assume foreign clothes in lieu of the flowing garb of the Celestial Empire, as a matter of convenience while residing in the great Republic. His Excellency was instructed that the queue was the badge of their nationality, and its abolition an infringement of the laws of the Manchu dynasty. As the result, the students have been ordered to resume the wearing of the queue, on pain of being sent back to China to be punished.

She Was Given Up.

Doctors Held Out no Hope to Mrs. Huffman of Napanee.

Wonderful Case and One Which Coes to Show the Wonderful Advancement Re-cently Made in the Science of Medicine.

Napanee, Ont., Oct. 27.—(Special.)— This town has furnished a case which has caused considerable talk in the coun-

ty,
Mrs. John C. Huffman had been trou-bled for over six years with female weak-ness and kidney trouble. The pain was so great that she could not bear it, and so great that she could not bear I, and her kidneys gave her so much bother that she could not entertain any company in her home or take any social pleasures whatever. Her urine was very much discolored, and gave her great

pleasures whatever. Her urine was very much discolored, and gave her great trouble in passing.

In addition to these symptoms she had all the pains, headaches and weakness of Female Trouble.

Mrs. Huffman tried physician's treat-ment and many other medicines, but in-stead of getting better, she was gradu-ally growing worse, and was very much discouraged.

scouraged.

Many of her friends thought she would never get better, but one day she picked up a newspaper and read an advertise-ment which said that Dodd's Kidney Pills would cure Female Trouble. As she had tried so many other things without being able to get any help, she was very doubtful, but concluded to try this remedy. never get better, but one day she picked

his remedy. She used six boxes and was completely ured. She is to-day sound and well

curred. She is to-day sound and wen, without a single symptom of her old trouble left.

She was cured nearly five years ago and is to-day as sound and well a woman as there is in Napanee. She says:

"I can confidently recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills to every woman in Canada, for they cured me completely, and mine

for they cured me completely, and mine was a very bad case.

"They are certainly a great medicine, and I will always recommend them to women who may be suffering as I was with Female Weakness and Kidney Trouble."

Quite Safe.

The truth is never more convincing than when it "slips out" involuntarily than when it "slips out" involuntarily. Generally at such times it has a peculiar charm also, as this incident suggests. A tattered and forlorn young girl of fifteen summers or so entered the office of a real estate man the other day. Ordinarily he is the politest of individuals, but this day he was so busy that he did not know which way to turn. So, with a swift glance out of the corner of his eye, he said rather sharply:

switt gance out of the corner of his eye, he said rather sharply:

"Well, what do you want?"

"P-p-p-lease, mister, won't you buy a ticket on our cuckoo clock?" replied the girl, hesitatingly.

"Your cuckoo clock? What could I do with a cuckoo clock even if I should get it?"

"Oh, you won't get it, mister! Please buy a ticket."

"Yessuh, I don bin ter de t'eayter," said Parson Snowflake, "an' I seen dese hyuh membahs o' mah race a-actin' on de stage, too. An' I jes' got dis ter say—de cullud actah am a moughty po'r imerta-tion ob de white man's imertation ob de cullud man."



LA," by Clinton Scollard, is a story of rival families of the Middle Ages, when Rome and Florence could be terrorized by one or other of the proud, ambitious and wealthy nobles and their hired assassins and retainers. Ursula, a dainty orphan Italian maiden, is brought up in a convent, with direc-tions that before she chooses her life entions that before she chooses her life environment she shall have a taste of the world, and, it might have been added, the flesh and the devil, under the chaperonage of her guardian, the haughty and unscrupulous Neri. Just as the time arrives for the debut of the heiress, the Neri plan a hideous trap for their rivals by asking for a matrimonial alliance, offering the hand of Fianumette Neri to the eldest son of the Ucelli family, and at the feast of betrothal massacring the bridegroom-elect's family, with the exception of the young son, Andrea Ucelli, who tells the tale of Ursula's cloistering. How this young man discovers plots who tells the tale of Ursula's cloistering. How this young man discovers plots against the maiden and rescues her, as well as avenges his family, will interest the reader, until at the close of an exciting tale the fair Ursula is safely cloistered in his arms. The Copp, Clark Company (Limited) present the book in a most attractive form, with quaint and beautiful illustrations by Harry C. Edwards. Clinton Scollard, so well known as a writer of lighter things, has made a good story and told it exceedingly well.

"From Behind the Arras," by Mrs. Philip Champion De Crespigny, is one of the latest offerings of Mr. T. Fisher Unwin. A dying soldier, tended by a renegade monk and possessing a secret and a mission, is stabbed to death by a dissolute relative, who steals from Behind the Arras of the mediaeval death-chamber, and is watched not only by the solute relative, who steals from Behind the Arras of the mediaeval death-chamber, and is watched, not only by the monk, but by the little baby daughter of the dying man. All through the subsequent adventures and mishaps of the tale that baby is haunted by a face, which she is falsely told is that of her dead father. Rascals plot for her wealth and entice her into a lonely place, where the dissolute relative poses as her father, and tells a story of woe to account for his life of secrecy. The girl has plenty of pluck and wit, and manages to send word of her plight to willing rescuers. There are a lot of grisly horrors in this story, but, needless to say, there comes an end thereof, and happiness for the maiden and her faithful lover. She recognizes, after long misconception, the face of the murderer of her father as the one which had so long haunted her life.

"The Vultures," Seton Merriman's last book, is a tale of the Polish Patriots and those keen and able men who are and those keen and able men who are employed by Russian, English and other powers as a sort of spy diplomatic corps, who are nicknamed "The Vultures" because their assembling in any locality is generally a presage of rebellion, war, or kindred disaster. The family of Bukaty, with the old Prince Wanda, his daughter, and Martin, his son, the American vulture, Joseph P. Mangles, and his lecturing sister and pretty ward. Reginald vulture, Joseph P. Mangles, and his lecturing sister and pretty ward, Reginald Cartoner, the English, and Paul Deulin, the French vultures, are all distinctly drawn and strongly impressive. The story of a futile rebellion and the sidelights on Russia's iron heel are presented by a master-hand in story-telling. The keynote of the tale is the bitter resentant of the Poles to the utterruse of the Poles to the utterruse of ment of the Poles to the utterance of Czar Alex II. at Warsaw: "Gentlemen let us have no more dreams." A patriot without a dream would be as unhappy and impossible as an Irishman without a grievance. The account of the awful death of the Czar, who was blown up with a bomb in the streets of Petersburg, is horribly terse and graphic. Of course the story is strong, or Seton Merriman would not have written it. The Copp, Clark Company (Limited) have brought out this book. and impossible as an Irishman without

"The Heroine of the Strait" (who is a beautiful and enthusiastic French-Canadian girl, Angelique Cuillerier), is a tale of the time of Pontiac when Detroit was ceded from the French to the English. The Indians, of course, take a large part in the story, and the spirited heroine, her lover (on probation), James Streling, the factor, and the English officers, Major Gladwyn, Captain Campbell, and others, were real people of the time in which the tale is set. Some of its landmarks and descriptive touches are remarks and descriptive touches are re-cognized by the reader who is to-day familiar with Detroit, city and river. Mary Catherine Crowley, who has al-ready given us the story, "A Daughter of New France," is the authoress of this romance, so strenuous and so true, and her fascinating story is beautifully illus-trated by Ch. Grunwald. Morang & Co. (Limited) have published the book in Canada. narks and descriptive touche anada.

"Stillman Gott," farmer and fisherman, by Edwin Day Sibley, will please admir-ers of "David Harum," and appeal to any-one having a heart for a strong, natural and noble old man. William Briggs pre-sents this simple story of a farmer who couldn't be buncoed, and with whose history are interwoven those of some very interesting people. Meanness and jeal-ousy do their best to muddy the fair waters of old Stillman Gott's life-stream, but he emerges triumphant even from jail. His conduct of his defence is unique and masterly, and sometimes his "ways" are deep and original. The love affairs of his young friends, Ed and Elinor, and of his young friends, Ed and Elinor, and his wise manipulation thereof, were amusing, and Elinor's visit to New York and complete disenchantment with her wealthy fiance and his family present the stern New England conscience and the latter-day careless Gothamites in a very clear and interesting contrast. Elinor and her parents are types of the clearest. Elinor especially repays study She is so true to life and sometimes so "wearing." Stillman Gott's epitaph chosen by himself was: "He did the best he could." Mr. Sibley, who writes his history, has not yet emulated him, and his next book will be looked forward to.

Mr. J. B. Mackenzie of this city, who has contributed occasional verse to "Saturday Night" and other publications, has just had issued from the Imrie-Graham press a small book entitled "Alfred the Great and Other Poems." Mr. Mackenzie has the poetic temperament. There is no lack of thought or of feeling

in his lines. But his technique is curiously unequal to the task of translating his ideas into musical and also intelligible forms. The style of these poems is strangely harsh and obscure. The tortuous grammatical construction, overburdened with parentheses and bristling with eccentric phrasings, requires too much concentration of thought on the reader's part. The reading of some of the poems is a mental discipline rather than intellectual pleasure. Mr. Mackenzie's recital of King Alfred's achievements in his leading poem, and his enumeration of Edward VII.'s domains in ins "Coronation Ode," remind one of lists of articles in a catalogue. Much of the of articles in a catalogue. Much of the hopeless obscurity of some passages seems to be due to a conciseness that sacrifices everything but nouns, verbs and adjectives. For example (addressing his Majesty the King):

Son mirroring a lofty sire (Whose grave soul's pride thou wert) Observed with purpose good afire; By Honor's chain-mail girt.

It is almost impossible to grasp the meaning of such a verse except by dili-gent reflection, and we submit that the reward is not commensurate with the effort. On the whole, Mr. Mackenzie's style reminds one of the abrupt, condensed conversation of Jingle in "Pickwick." He is at his best in the sonnet, of which he has given us several examples, but here, as elsewhere, his technique is deficient to sustain the weight of thought he attempts to load upon it. Mr. Mackenzie's muse is serious. His sentiment rings true. He writes out of his heart. It is for this that we like him despite his shortcomings. reward is not commensurate with the ef

"A Maid of Many Moods," by Mrs Virna Sheard, is issued in a Canadian edition by the Copp, Clark Company. The book was favorably noticed in this column lately.

"With Rogers On the Frontier" (Copp, Clark) is a new book for boys by J. Macdonald Oxley. The scenes are laid around Lakes George and Champlain, Ticonderoga, New York, Boston, Montreal and Quebec. It deals with the dramatic struggle between the French and English for the possession of Canada, and ends with Wolfe's capture of Quebec. Rogers, the Rangers is a prominent character. the Ranger, is a prominent characte and George Washington also appears.

Seasonable Advice.

Change of Weather Disastrous to Many People.

Rad Blood Makes You Liable to Cold-A Cold Makes You Liable to Twenty Diseases—How to Protect Yourself.

Changes of the season affect the nealth more or less perceptibly. The effect of the hot summer weather on the effect of the hot summer weather on the blood leaves it thin and watery, and now that the weather is changeable this makes itself disagreeably felt. You feel bilious, dyspeptic and tired; there may be pimples or eruptions of the skin; the damp weather brings little twinges of rheumatism or neuralgia that give warn-ing of the winter that is coming. If you want to be brisk and strong for the winter it is now that you should build winter it is now that you should build up the blood, and give the nerves a lite tonic. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the greatest of all blood-making, nervestrong and stave off the aches and pains of winter if you take them now. Mr. James Adams, Brandon, Man., is one of the thousands whom Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have restored to health and the thousands whom Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have restored to health and strength. He says: "It is with deep gra-titude that I acknowledge the benefit it have derived from the use of Dr. Wil-liams' Pink Pills. Before taking the pills my health was much shattered with rheumatism, nervous depression and sleeplessness. For fully twelve months I

rneumatism, nervous depression and sleeplessness. For fully twelve months I rarely got a good night's sleep. When I began the use of the pills it was with a determination to give them a fair trial. I did so, and can truthfully say that I could not wish for better health than I now enjoy. I shall always speak a good word for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

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The Breakfast Food Family

John Spratt will eat no fat, Nor will he touch the lean. He scorns to eat of any meat; He lives upon Foodine.

But Mrs. Spratt will none of that; Foodine she cannot eat. Her special wish is for a dish Of Expurgated Wheat.

To William Spratt that food is flat On which his mater dotes. His favorite feed—his special need— Is Eata Heapa Oats.

But Sister Lil can't see how Will Can touch such tasteless food. As breakfast fare it can't compace She says, with Shredded Wood.

Now, none of these Leander please; He feeds upon Bath Mitts. While Sister Jane improves her brain With Cero-Grapo-Grits.

Lycurgus votes for Father's Oats; Proorgine at Wals to May; The junior John subsists upon Unceda Bayla Hay.

Corrected Wheat for little Pete:
Flaked Pine for Dot; while "Bub."
The infant Soratt, is waxing fat
On Battle Creek Near-Grub.
—Chicago "Tribune."

The German Chicago.

The Berlin feminine world is indig-nant because one of the leading fashion-able shoe houses advertises a bargain sale of small-sized ladies' boots and shoes on the ground "that the feet of the Berlin lady are growing larger and re-quire a new assortment of large-sized stock," Needless to say this is Berlin. Germany.

Giles—Take two letters from "money" and "one" will be left. Miles—Is that a joke? "Yes, verily." "Well, I know of a fellow who took money from two letters, and it was no joke, either. He got one year."

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TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

EDMUND R. SHEPPARD - - Editor

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Subscriptions for Canada and United States addresses will be received on the

Postage to European and other foreign countries \$1.00 per year extra. Advertising rates made known on application at the business office.

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED, PROPRIETOR

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 1, 1902. VOL. 15.



Marching Home," by Stange and Edwards has scored a decided hit here, notwith-s.anding its ultra-"American" flavor. Many causes combine to make it a pronounced success. The music is good the scenic effects are beautiful, the subject is new, and the company is unusually capable and comely. So stirring was the era of the war of North and South, even to those not immediately concerned in the grim struggle, that an of that time even now has power to interest and thrill a Canadian audience. It is a wonder that authors of comic opera have not long ago hit upon a subject so rich in dramatic possibilities. "American" dramatists have not overlooked the field, but their success has not been con-spicuous, which may account for the fact that we only now are seeing the same material turned to musical account. It is a delight to everyone to see the crinolined figures of the belles of the sixties—just such belles as our grandmothers or mothers must have been. After all, the fashions of those times were not so unlovely. Only when the hoop-skirt girls start in to dance is the average spectator moved to mirth. while the occupants of the bald-headed rows bring their opera-glasses to bear. But one soon gets indifferent to such a spectacle, and ceases to marvel at the modesty which the men of those times must have possessed to carry them through scenes like this with so evident unconsciousnes of the slightest impropriety. One thing is certain, th crinoline was not a whit more hideous, and on the whole perhaps less immodest, than some of the clinging, dragging skirts of to-day. The hoop-skirt lady was at least compelled to have an eye to the dainty and spotless character of her nether lingerie, for if she didn't she could be sure every-body else would. Underskirts reeking with the dust and of the streets were an impossibility while the crinolin-

When Johnny Comes Marching Home," if one serio criticism can be registered against it, is more than ordin arily anaemic and uninteresting as to libretto. The story is slight and conventional. There is but the smallest in fusion of humor. Without the comedy work of Uncle Tor and his Jim Crow chorus the piece would be almost totally deficient in the element of fun. Jonathan Phoenix is too conventional and wooden a type of laugh-producer to make much impression on the experienced theater-goer, albeit Mr. George Backus gets out of the part everything there is in it. The story of the play is this: John Graham, the son of a Southern gentleman, had run away from home as a boy, and towards the close of the Civil War, when the Northern armies had penetrated far into the heart of the Confederacy, the long-lost Graham finds himself again at his old home, under an alias and serving as an officer in the Federal cavalry. As a boy he and a neighbor's child had been betrothed by their parents. He preserves his alias to all except his old sweetheart, who recognizes him, and or that they are married he is accused, on good cir cumstantial evidence, of stealing despatches from his general, with the purpose of betraying them to the enemy Unable to establish his identity, and knowing that to save himself he would have to incriminate his wife's little brother, who was the real spy and author of the theft, he keeps silence and is sentenced to be shot. Of course at the last moment he is saved by the intervention of one who has proof of his innocence, and in the same breath the close of the war is announced. The story gives room for a great deal of effective scenery and a number of realistic tableaux. The first act takes place at the headquarters of General Allen's division of the Northern army, with a river and encampment in the distance. The next scene is Felix Graham's plantation on the banks of the Mississippi. lovely spot is shown both by moonlight and at the hour o sunrise, and is one of the most successful and realistic stage pictures ever produced in a local theater. The third act has two scenes—first a view of distant mountain and river from within the fortified camp of the Federal army, and, second a rocky, wooded glen in the heart of autumn-tinted hills swarming with soldiers in the rusty blue uniforms of the North. In addition, a couple of poetic visions of the Stars and Stripes, at first torn and dishonored, then restored and glorious, are introduced in the last act, to illustrate the prophetic dream of the condemned soldier hero, John Gra-

A curiously stupid anachronism may be referred to it closing. The edition of the Stars and Stripes used through out the opera is the flag of the present day—with forty-five stars. But in 1865 there were only twenty-three States and consequently the flag of that day had but so many stars. It should hardly have remained for a Canadian to point out such an error.

"Sergeant James," given at the Grand this week, is an interesting play, well enacted and adequately staged. It is by Eugene Walter and, like "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," is chock-full of the blue army uniforms of Uncle Sam. The scene is laid in a Western mining camp where a troop of Unit d States cavalry is stationed. Ser-geant James is an heroic officer, who never has been known to fail in his duty. His life has been crossed by the shadow of a great love, and now that the woman of his regard is the unhappy wife of a gambling mine superintendent, the sergeant's chivalry finds an outlet in generously shielding her and her husband from the consequences of the latter's folly. But the gambler is not to be saved. He implicates himself in a plot to steal a large sum of money from the mine owners, and meets poetic justice at the hands of his



MISS EFFIE SHANNON

much-abused wife, who, in the defence of the treasure shoots him like a dog without being aware of his identity. By this seemingly untoward circumstance a way is eventu ally opened up for the happy union of Sergeant James and his affinity. The situations are melodramatic, but the characters are not untrue to human nature, and in the hands of such an efficient company of actors the play is a decidedly good example of its class.

* * *

Rosa Naynon's trained tropical birds—cockatoos, ma-caws and what not—provide an interesting half hour as Shea's this week. There are about sixty of these beautiful feathered creatures, mostly of the parrot species—some of them gorgeously colored, but the majority white. Their intelligence is marvelous and the tricks they perform interest everyone, young or old. It is a pretty and refining act, and appeals invariably to the taste of a cultured audience. Falke and Semon's musical specialties are good, and the comedy contributed by the black-faced member of the team among the best of the kind seen here this season. Burt Shepard, "just over from London," gives a monologue hat savors of the land of pie rather than the home of roast that savors of the land of pie raufer, that heef, though personally the monologist looks like a real English beef-eater. Some of his jokes are kept in the heaven performances—they are so "high." The Eretto family contribute a first-class acrobatic turn Margaret Webb has a pleasing soprano voice, but is addicted to the tremolo. Henderson, of Henderson and Ross performs a grotesque tight-rope feat, that is richly humorous as well as clever. Jules and Ella Garrison's burlesque of high tragedy stars is funny, but there can be too much of a good thing. Knight Brothers, burnt-cork song and dance artists, make a passably interesting contribution to a very excellent bill, which concludes with a comic series of kinetograph pictures entitled "A Trip to the Moon."

Miss Marguerite Dunn, whose elocutionary talents have rought her so much credit in her native city, is forming her season's classes in the art. Private tuition may be obtained from her, and those interested will find in Miss Dunn an exceedingly capable and enthusiastic teacher. Her announcement will be found on page 10.

"If I Were King," the McCarthy p'ay in which Mr Sothern recently appeared here, has now been re-written by its author as a romance. The novel is greatly inferior to the drama. The former is the more melodramatic and extravagant of the two. On the stage there is little rant and verbiage, but the book is replete with it. For example, Villon's victory over the Burgundians is announced simply enough in the acting version, but in the novel Mr. McCarthy makes his hero hold forth in this style:

"Louis of France, we bring you these silks for your carpet. An hour ago they wooed the wind from Burgundian staves and floated over Burgundian helmets. I will make no vainglory of their winning. Burgundy fought well, but France fought better, and these trophies trail in our triumph. To a mercer's eyes these bits of tissue are but so many squares of damaged web. To a soldier's eye they cover crowded graves with honor. To a king's eye they deck one throne with lonely splendor," etc., etc.

Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske will produce "Mary o Magdala" at the Manhattan Theater on the 19th inst. It announced that Mrs. Fiske intends to stage-manage this production. The character of Mary Magdalene, which Mrs Fiske is to represent, ought to offer her the finest oppor-tunity for emotional acting since "Tess of the D'Urber-villes." But how will the public accept this play? Of all villes." But how will the public accept this play? Of al women in Scripture, Mary Magdalene was the one over whose life the Saviour threw the mantle of charity, and to many theater-goers the idea of this character being made "a woman with a past," in five acts, no matter how dramatic, is revolting. In the German original Judas is represented as the lover of Mary, and though the character of the Saviour is not introduced upon the stage. He actually furnishes the motive of the play, for Judas taxes Mary with loving Him, and eventually betrays Him on account of

Mrs. Patrick Campbell, it is said, is going to produce Macterlinck's "Monna Vanna" in New York during her present engagemens. There has been a great to-do made in London about this play. The amusing Mr. Redford, the censor of plays, disapproved of it and refused it a public It was given privately, however, and won performance. the praise of the London critics. There are so many plays of worse morals permitted in London by Mr. Redford that one cannot understand his attitude towards this play

'Sapho" and "Zaza" ran a slimy course of many weeks with his sanction, which causes one to wonder where, or how, this censor draws the line. "Monna Vanna" is not in the least an immoral play. There is one scene that might be made unpleasant by suggestion, but it is not necessarily unpleasant.

The advent of those sterling artists, Herbert Kelcey and Effe Shannon, who will present the Conan Doyle-Gillette play, "Sherlock Holmes," at the Princess Theater next week, is an event of no little local interest, marking as it does the premiere of the famous play here. who is portraying the famous detective. Sherlock Holmes is looked upon as one of the handsomest men on the American stage. It was entirely due to Mr. Kelcey's physical attractiveness that the phrase "matinee idol" was coined. Miss Effie Shannon, who is playing Miss Faulkner in conjunction with Mr. Kelcey, is a most attractive actress. With a splendid technique, acquired by her long resociation with the New York Lyceum Theater as its leading lady, she combines great personal magnetism, and adds to these qualifications a perfect ease and grace and the absence of any artificiality whatever.

There will be a number of features on the bill at Shea's next week, including the "Holly Tree Inn," Bessie Penn Guard, Foy and Clark, Techow's Cats, and the Quigley Brothers. Because of the many famous names connected with the "Holly Tree Inn" it may be chosen as the principal feature. It is said of this sketch that if there were more like it in vaudeville there would be less harsh criticism of sketches in general. The "Holly Tree Inn" is a dramatization of Dickens' story, by Augustus Thomas. Mae Belle Ray and Blanche Alexander take the parts of two little tots of nine and seven, who elope and are on their way to Gretna Green to be married, when they are overtaken at the Holly Tree Inn by their mammas. Harry Brown and Mabel Gibson make typical English inn servants As a special attraction Mr. Shea has secured Foy and Clark, who will be seen in a laughable sketch entitled "The Spring of Youth." The sketch is one of Will M. Cressy's. and the idea of it is something entirely new. invalid, comes to the springs, the waters of which are variously good for various ailments. It is in the administering of the waters by Miss Clark and the peculiar effects they produce that the humorous situations are brought out In Techow's Cats Mr. Shea has secured an attraction that has been a feature in one theater in New York during the entire summer. Techow's Cats have been thoroughly trained, and it is the first time that a full-fledged troupe of felines have been shown on the stage. Bessie Pena Guard young society woman of Buffalo, who made her debut in vaudeville last week, will be another special attraction. has what may be termed a double voice. She will sing Andrew Mack's "Rose Song." the first verse in a high soprano the second in a baritone. The Quigley Brothers Bob and George, will present what is claimed to be 2 new departure in conversational comedy. They have created "A Congressman at Large," and it is this Congressman's description of the manner of putting bills through that keeps everybody laughing. They presented the act in New York a few weeks ago and it made a hit. The remainder of the bill will include the Lowe-Hughes trio, instrumentalists of marked ability; Zazelle and Vernon, comedy acrobats; Wartenburg Brothers, foot jugglers, and the kinetograph, with pictures of recent war manoeuvres.

That great stage spectacle, "Ben Hur," is to follow the Kelcey and Shannon engagement at the Princess, commencing November 10th. The chariot race is the great feature of this play, and extensive changes will require to made to the Princess's stage.

Next week at the Grand is to be devoted to magic and legerdemain. Servais Leroy, Mile. Talma and Leon Bosco, with a company of high-class entertainers, are the performers announced on the bills.



A French Caricature of Mascagni -From "L'Assiette de Beurre."

About Captain Bernier's Record.

To the Editor,-In an article on the Canadian Polar expedition, Captain Bernier is credited with taking from off the Ne oundland coast the "Scottish King" Bernier had no more to do with that job than the Editor of "Saturday Night." He was simply captain of the tug "Petrel," for Mr. William Lesslie, manager of the Collin's Bay Rafting Company, who took the job of floating the Scottish King," and devised quite an original method for carrying out the work. Captain Bernier had no knowledge of the methods to be employed until Mr. Lesslie explained them to him, and, as a matter of fact, he was not on the wreck very much while the work was going on. Captain Bernier deserves credit for his perseverance and determin-ation in the Polar matter, and I hope success will follow. out he must not, however, sail under false colors another's success AVALON.

Kingston, October 27, 1902.



A HOT CHASE FOR A SLIPPERY PRIZE.

Ahurch Music in Foronto.

III.-Jarvis Street Baptist Church

PASSED a very profitable evening at Jarvis Street Baptist Church last Sunday, where I heard a most impressive service of praise with modern music beautifully rendered. The singing of the choir is a striking and convincing illustration of the wonderful advance which has been made in the musical services of the non-Episcopal churches of the city during the past ten or twelve years. Evidently at Jarvis Street Church, pastor and people regard the musical service as a most important, and perhaps an indispensable part of divine worship, and so far as is in their power have given it a distinction and efficiency worthy of the cause. There is no perfunctory singing in this church; on the contrary, every member seems to be absorbed in his or her work, and one feels that the chorus is not only a body of singers, but also of worshippers. It struck me also that while the choir is the trained, and thereore the most considerable, factor in the musical service, the hymns selected were of a character to give ample opportunity for full congregational singing.

I should fancy the musical selections at this church are

of a character to meet with general approval. On the particular evening under notice, while there were no numbers of the deadly dull, respectably scientific musical order, there was no attempt at any florid work, either solo or choral. The principal excerpts, by Gounod and Gaul, were rich in simple harmonies of an elevated but plain melodic flow, and with an emotional power that appealed to the religious feeling of the hearers. The organist and choirmaster, Mr. A. S. Vogt, has put himself on record as beng opposed to any striving after effects in church music Nevertheless, his choir produced some very fine effects during the evening, but these effects were appropriate and heightened the religious expression. I might instance the vocal recitation of the Lord's Prayer to a setting supplied by Mr. Vogt himself. The choir in this sang with an exquisitely soft and evenly blended tone, the effect being that of a highly trained choir heard from a distance. The great feature of this pianissimo singing was that no voice pre-dominated for a moment, and as to the organ accompaniment, it was merely an unassuming support for the voices. Those in the congregation who were not moved by the charm of this subdued singing must have been exceptionally unsympathetic. In the first number for the choir, which was the finale to Gounod's "Gallia," "Now behold! O was the finale to Golfield Gol clear and pure timbre, and of a high range, is eminently fitted for church work. The interpretation of the solo was, fitted for church work. The interpretation of the sold ex-moreover, appropriate, unaffected, and yet earnest in ex-pression, careful and finished in phrasing. The great effort of the choir as a whole was the Gounod unaccomof the choir as a whole was the Gounod unaccompanied anthem, "Come unto Me," which was a much panied anthem. "Come unto Me," which was a much more highly finished and graduated rendering than that given recently by the Westminster party in the Metropolitan Church, although the English vocalists sang the number particularly well. But with Mr. Vogt's choir the influence of a controlling mind in the preparation, and the superior richness and color of the women's voices as compared with those of the Westminster boys, were paramount advantages. Finally, I must mention the bass solo and choral sanctus, "Behold I see a new heaven and a new earth," from Gaul's "Holy City." Mr. A. L. E. Davies, the soloist, sang with a fine, rich, sonorous volume of tone and rendered the nusic with devotional feeling and impressive enunciation. I must not omit noting that throughout the service, the organ played by Mr. Vogt, was the modest but firm support and the efficient helpmate of the choir. It was only in the concluding voluntary that Mr. Vogt allowed the massive tonal resources and strength of the instrument to be heard. Taking the musical service as a whole, it was the best 1 have yet heard in the city, and I scarcely expect to hear anything better.

There are a few interesting reminiscences connected with the Jarvis Street Church and its choir. The original home was in Bond street, and among the first organists was Dr. J. P. Clarke, an enthusiastic but conservative musician, who will be remembered as having been conductor of the old Philharmonic Society in 1872, just before the advent of Mr. Torrington. The introduction of a pipe organ into the church created no small sensation. So fierce was the opposition to the instrument that its advocates found it necessary to have it taken secretly by night into the church. The "anti-organites" were much astonished and somewhat mystified on taking their seats in the church on the following Sunday morning to find the hated instrument in its place. Among the present members of Jarvis Street Church previous to its removal to its present site in 1875 are Mr. and Mrs. George Lugsdin, Mrs. Burns, Mr. W. J. Davis, Mr. Edmund Burke, Mrs. J. G. Scott, Mrs. T. Sutherland Stayner, Mrs. Shuttleworth, and a few others. The organ now standing imposingly in the church was a gift from Mrs. McMaster, and cost at the outset \$8,000. But it has ince been rebuilt at an additional cost of about \$4,000, and fitted with electric-pneumatic action. The tone is exceptionally fine, being very brilliant and powerful as the result of the German diapasons and French reeds contained in the scheme, and, on the other hand, having the advantage of a number of new English reeds of a mellower character, and some charmingly voiced string stops. The first organist in the new church was Mr. W. Lugsdin, who was succeeded by the builder of the original organ, Dr. William Horatio Clarke. After several years Dr. Clarke was succeeded by Mr. E. R. Doward, who in turn gave way to Mr. J. W. F. Harrison. The present organist, Mr. A. S. Vogt, was chosen for the position in 1888, and has occupied it ever since, in addition to filling the duties of choirmaster.

The choir roll shows a membership of forty voices, made

up of twelve sopranos, nine altos, nine tenors and ten basses, these being again subdivided into seven first and five second sopranos, four first and five second altos, five first and four second tenors, and five first and five second basses. second tenors, and his nest and his second basses. The quartette of leading singers has been judiciously selected, and consists of Miss Dora L. McMurtry, soprano; Miss Helen K. Ferguson, contralto; Mr. Victor Hutchison, tenor, and Mr. A. L. E. Davies, bass. The repertory of the choir contains about two hundred standard anthems and choruses, unaccompanied motettes and shorter works with-out accompaniment. A specialty is made of eight-part unaccompanied works, and a large number of such composi-tions are included in the choir's repertory. The music of the Anglican Church, of which Mr. Vogt is a great admirer. is largely drawn upon, and the leading German, French, Italian. American and Russian composers are also well re-presented. The reputation of the choir has extended far beyond the limits of Toronto. It is favorably known among the musicians of the large cities of the United States. The choir is, or has been, strongly represented in the Mendelssohn Society, and has contributed much to the success of the larger organization. There is not much room for change in the constitution of the choir, but I fancy that it would be n improvement to increase the number of singers to fifty. a total which should give just sufficient power to suit the requirements of the place. Many members of the congreration will, of course, differ from me as to this point, but for one should welcome the increased volume of tone and the increased dynamic resources which the addition would give. In conclusion it is but just to say that the example of Jarvis Street Church has done much to en-ourage many city churches of other denominations to raise the standard of their own musical services. I know, for tertain, that several organists and choirmasters have been imulated by laudatory references made to Mr. Vogt's hoir at the annual meetings of their own congregations.

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IN THE DARK. A Strange Adventure in a Railway Compartment.

WENT one morning to Poissy to see a little house to which I had fallen heir, and, after breakfast, I took my keys to the family attorney. As I was about to leave the office, the head clerk called me to his desk and

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said: "There is also some money coming to you from your uncle's estate. Six thousand francs. Here it is."

The surprise was most agreeable to me. I took the blue bills and slipped them into my pocket-book without counting them. Because of this delay, I had to hurry to get to the station in time. Fortunately, the train was late. It pulled in just as I stepped on the platform. Seeing an empty compartment, as I supposed, I hurriedly entered it. As I sat down, I saw that I was not alone. A lady sat

in the right-hand corner of the seat facing me. I drew back as far as possible in the left-hand corner, not because of suspicion, as I had already forgotten my windfall, but in order to stretch out and reflect at my ease.

The lady was young, beautiful and elegant. A dark blue traveling dress of a correct cut set off her slender, gracefu figure. Masses of golden hair rippled back under a dark blue felt hat, trimmed with a band of ribbou- and a quill. A dainty patent leather shoe was visible below the hem of her skirt. A watch with some coquettish trinkets hung from her belt, while a bangled bracelet on her left wrist indicated a pretty feminine vanity. A gold-handled um-brella, in its sheath, leaned against a portiere near her From my observation, I gained an impression of sober luxury, a trifle English in its rigor. A newspaper lay on the lady's lap, and she was reading it with such perfect unconsciousness of my surveillance that I could not even see

the color of her eyes.

After we had left the Maisons Lafitte station, the though occurred to me to read over some letters which I had merely glanced at in the morning. I put my hand in my pocket to get them, and I felt the pocket-book. A feeling of pleasure came over me at the remembrance of my bequest, and I could not resist a childish desire to handle my little fortune. I took the bills from my purse and, in the perfect security of the closed compartment, I counted them without the slightest suspicion of being watched. The six thousand francs were there. I folded the money up. put it back into the pocket-book, and, with my usual heedless-ness, laid the purse down beside me with the letters I was going to read. I now took these up, one by one, read them,

and tossed them back on the seat.

I was soon made aware, by the vibration of the coach, that we had reached the Asnieres Bridge. The young woman folded up her newspaper, and, without glancing in my direction, began slowly and composedly to unlace the glove on her right hand. Finally she drew it off. We were about to reach our destination. It was not the time for removing one's gloves. Still the act did not impress me at the time. merely admired the slim, nervous hand, with its tapering ingers. The girl clasped and unclasped them with marvelous agility, as if they were numb from their bondage. The shadow of the great wall of the Batignolles soon fell upon our car, and I noticed that the lantern was not lighted. A moment afterward, with a confused rumbling of wheels and rails, we entered the tunnel.

Soon I fancied I heard—the sound was barely perceptible in the general fracas—a slight rustling among the papers at my side. Careless as I usually am, it is a wonder that the sound attracted my attention, and still more of one that I thought of my pocket-book. By some intuition,

however. I did so. Not intentionally, but with an instinctive, rough gesture of which I should have been ashamed in the daylight, I forcibly threw both my hands over the scattered papers and pressed them down with all my might. Then, with a start, I felt something move under the pile, like an animal in a trap trying to escape by twisting, turning and pulling. I bore down all the harder. Just then the train whistle shrieked out. The speed slackened and we came to a stand-still in the blackness of the tunnel. For a moment, I ex-perienced a veritable nightmare. With a rustling and tear-ing of papers the struggle continued, silently but fiercely.

After having wriggled and turned desperately in every direction, like a strangled reptile, the hand, crushed under my palms, lay quiet. I saw nothing, heard nothing, not even a breath. I knew, however, that my companion was on the alert, noting my every movement. Suffocated by emotion and wearied by the tension on my nerves, I waited for the daylight for deliverance.

After a period of time, very short, probably, but the length of which I could not estimate, the train began to move slowly. My relief at this was so great that my whole being involuntarily relaxed from its tension. This was evidently expected, for the hand again tried to free itself, not by violent jerks this time, but by a strong, steady pulling. I felt it slipping along, little by little, under the papers. I imprudently raised my palm a bit to get a fresh hold. When I again bore down, I clasped only my pocket-book.

The hand had escaped, I knew not when nor how.

I hastily opened the purse, felt that its contents were there, then put it into my vest pocket and stupidly crossed my arms over it.

At last a grey light penetrated into the compartment, followed by the bright light of day. My first glance was at the lady opposite. She sat in exactly the same place, with the same air of haughty indifference. Nothing about her toilet was disarranged in the least. Not a fold of her dress seemed to have been moved. The newspaper lay folded in her lap, the gold-handled umbrella leaned against the por-tiere, the patent leather toe protruded slightly below the hem of her skirt.

She looked pale, however, and her eyes were bent on her right hand, as she slowly laced up her glove. It truly seemed as if I were waking from a dream. And what proof could I offer to the contrary?

The train stopped and the platform was on my side The lady rose, dropping the paper from her lap, took her umbrella, and with a perfectly composed and polite "Par-

don me, sir," passed in front of me.

Feeling stupid and duped, I put out my arm to detain her. But she was already on the steps, and noticing my gesture, she turned half round, and for the first time I saw

They were as blue as the sky and limpid and beautiful in expression. They gazed at me with so much surprise and candor that I was disarmed completely, and I let her go un-Had it not been for the rumpled, torn papers on the seat beside me. I might have been tempted to believe the seat Design me. I make the was merely an hal-turing tion or a bad dream.—Translated from the French of Charles Feley by H. Twitchell.

New Fashions For Winter Bridesmaids.

Will the "Costume Wedding" Obtain a Foothold?

our great-great-grandmothers and grandfathers were able to attend a fashionable modern wedding, their amazement at the whole proceeding would justifiable

amazement at the whole proceeding would justifiable be extraordinary.

It is curious to see how the hour of the ceremony has fluctuated within the last two decades. Up to 1886 11.30 was the fashionable hour for a wedding. Two years later it became midday. As the function became more elaborate and more preparation was needed half-past one was the favored hour, and the "breakfast" was cut down to the shortest possible dimensions. At the present day there is only one time at which to be married—half-past two, an hour which admits of a light lunch being partaken of before the ceremony, and is generally found most convenient.



on their honeymoon as soon as the "good-byes" are over, and as little fuss is made as possible. Fourteen or fifteen years ago in England a curious craze for evening weddings came into existence in the highest social circles. Special licenses, costing thirty guineas, had to be procured from the Archbishop to admit of the ceremony being performed at an uncanonical hour, and 6 p.m. was the time selected for these marriages. But the Church frowned on evening weddings, and now in fashionable circles they are very rare.

As to the most popular day for the happy event, Saturday leads, with about forty per cent. of weddings. Tuesday and Thursday follow with twenty per cent. each. Monday is next in popularity, with fifteen per cent., while Wednesday is the day on which four and a half per cent, while wednesday is the day on which four and a half per cent, of the ceremonies are performed. Friday, with its proverbial ill-luck attaching to it, comes last—a Friday wedding, in fact, takes place once in a blue honeymoon.

There are several old customs to which modern brides are harking back in despair of inventing something fresh to differentiate their great day from those of other brides. The groomsman is one. Why that useful individual in repetition was ever amalgamated into one impersonatio records do not narrate. For years he has been present only as best man in attendance upon the bridegroom, and the day used to be by the side of a bridesmaid, received his dismissal years ago. Now he sees a very fair chance of being reinstated in his enviable office. A recent English

bride was attended to the altar by several maids, to each of whom was allocated a cavalier, with the most happy effect.

In numbers the following of bridesmaids increases annually. This season it has been no uncommon sight in London churches to see a brilliant train of twelve fair girls and in a few instances the number has risen above that.

One of the prettiest dress schemes worn by a bevy o bridesmaids recently was an early Viccorian white muslin frock all ruffled and flounced, with a soft fichu about the bare throat, and a blue silk sash knotted at one side. The touch of novelty was evinced in the wreath of forget-menots and white roses worn by each bridesmaid instead of a hat. A long white tulle veil was arranged with the wreath, so that the Church's ordinance that women's heads shall be covered in the sacred edifice was obeyed. It is difficult for covered in the sacred edifice was obeyed. It is difficult for the dressmakers and milliners to study the individual tastes and requirements of each bridesmaid. The color that will suit a brunette does not do full justice to the charms of a blonde, while a flower toque that looks perfect above one face will by no means enhance the charms of another. Picture hats usually prevail because they can be induced to suit every style of comeliness.

At one remarkable "American" wedding recently not park had every bridesmail a groomsman but each brides.

only had every bridesmaid a groomsman, but each bridesmaid and each groomsman wore garb of the time of the Puritins. The idea originated in the well-known and picturesque custom of the bride being attended by little pages dressed in Royalist suits. The little pages were done away with and the adult groomsmen wore the fancy costume in-stead. The idea savors too much of theatricality, perhaps,

stead. The idea savors too much of theatricality, perhaps, but the effect was certainly striking.

Concerning new jewelry for bridesmaids, tortoiseshell prongs with jewels at the top or surmounted with an ornament in art nouveau work are fashionable at this moment, and have taken the place of the tiny corsage and wristlet watches that were so much a la mode before. Belt clasps, silver buttons and buckles in velvet cases, bangles with a lucky bel! or some other charm attached to them, and brooches set with birthday stones, are received with great commendation. Just lately, since it became fashionable for commendation. Just lately, since it became fashionable for the bride to carry a prayer-book bound in white vellum, ivory or mother-of-pearl in lieu of a bouquet, these dainty volumes have also been given to the maids. Bouquets are also expected, however. Sometimes they decorate a tall stick or crook borne by each bridesmaid.

In no detail more pronouncedly than in the cutting of the cake is the decay of ancient customs visible. The mo-ment at which the bride rose to perform this solemn duty was in olden days one of the most important of the whole wedding function. Now the cake is cut without any ceremony at all, and presently the bride will have nothing to do with it whatsoever. As it is, she does not saw the sugar through, for the cake has been cut beforehand, and all she has to do is to pretend to sever the first piece from the



THE LATE FRANK NORRIS.

Author of the remarkable book, "The Octopus," who died on Sunday at San Francisco, aged 32 years.

Counter-irritant.

the ceremony, and is generally found most convenient.

For a "quiet" wedding, at which only relations attend, carl the bride is married in her "going away" dress, half-past nine is the correct hour. The couple, as a rule, start

"Good heavens, old man, what have you got in your carriage?" "Nothing, old fellow, but my usual box of limpast nine is the correct hour. The couple, as a rule, start

"New York" Life."

Rugby.

ATURDAY last a heavy snowstorm struck the Rugby teams doing business in Toronto. Both the American nauts and Western Struck to Rugby teams doing business in Toronto. Both the Argonauts and 'Varsity, after the games at Ottawa and Toronto, required assistance in getting to bed, so dense was the blizzard that snowed them under. Otherwise their fate

would have been similar to poor Lucy Grey's.

In Toronto it was really cruel of 'Varsity, and worse than stealing candy from a six-monther, to take fifty and seventy-five cents from the innocents who went to get their money's worth at the tussle between McGill and 'Varsity, Not in warse has there been such a send exhibition of Fusher. money's worth at the tussle between McGill and 'Varsity. Not in years has there been such a sad exhibition of Rugby, so far as 'Varsity figured, and one was led to believe the aggregation consisted of Filipinos trying the "water cure," so fond were they of the water pail. Only once were their rooters given a chance to rend the heavens with that war cry of 'V-a-r-s-i-ty. The local team, collectively, sadly lacked the presence of old-time war horses, combination and generalship, but the exhibition might not have been so bad had Referee "Bunty" Dalton insisted on a proper scrimmage formation. Little can be said of McGill except that the extreme weakness of their opponents allowed them scrimmage formation. Little can be said of McGill except that the extreme weakness of their opponents allowed them to play quite brilliantly at times, particularly in retaining possession of the pigskin. Otherwise nothing in particular transpired except that the crowd had been dosed with enough disappointment to scare many home at half-time. Of ccurse the Argos got a lick of the whitewash and fell by the wayside at Ottawa, too, but those who paid their coin got a good "Rugby run" for their money, especially at seeing Hardisty make that now historic long punt.

But to be candid. Rugby has been a disappointment in

But to be candid, Rugby has been a disappointment in Toronto this season. That old-time enthusiasm seems to have waned. The O.R.F.U. seems to have waned, too, when only two teams at present constitute the Union. In the interests of Rugby—as J. P. Morgan would say—there seems nothing left now to do but to bring about a constitution of the Interest legislation of the Interest legislation of the Interest legislation of the Interest legislation. solidation of the Intercollegiate and O.R.F. Unions. abolishing of the scrimmage is also advocated by many, but there is a danger of the snapback system making the game of Rugby too much like Association football.



The Argonauts' Retreat from Ottawa.

The Mellow, Hazy Days.

By Bishop John Lancaster Spalding. Just appointed by President Roosevelt a Member of the An-thracite Strike Commission.

O glorious Autumn woods, whose myriad hues Uplight the face of earth with richer glow Than may be seen when Spring's sweet flowers blow, And wear the jeweled crown of pearly dews!

How tender, pure the thoughts which you infuse Into the soul, bringing the long-ago With all its memories of joy and woe Until the vision the whole heart subdues!

So soon the mellow, hazy days shall die; The frost shall crisp your many-tinted leaves, And howling blasts with all their glory fly. And you shall stand like one whom death bereaves. With outstretched trembling hands to the dark sky, Which gives no sign however much he grieves.

"The Picture Thing."

EW chapters in the world's history are more curiou and interesting than that which deal and interesting than that which deals with the for tunes of its art treasures. In the cathedral at Mont real is-or was a few years ago-a large piece of tapestry which had been discovered in a back street of a New England town. The story is told in Mrs. Silsbee's "Half Century of Salem." One day a certain Mr. Miller, passing through Derby street, saw a woman beating clouds of dust from a carpet. Something peculiar in its appearance made him stop and look closely at it, when he discovered, to hi astonishment, that it was a splendid piece of tapestry with life-size figures wrought from Raphael's cartoon, "Fee my lambe." The woman was quite willing to tell how sl obtained it; it was, in fact, a standing grievance to her. Her husband was a sailor, and when he went out on one of h voyages she had begged him to bring her a carpet for he best room. As it happened, he did not visit a port where h could buy a carpet, but rolled up in a little shop on the quay at Malta he had found the tapestry and purchased it, thinking it might answer the purpose. It was too large for the room, and the woman had had to turn a big piece under; she folded the piece back, revealing part of the superh horder of fruit and flowers wought is plant and and superb border of fruit and flowers, wrought in silk and gold thread, as fresh as when it was first worked. But the owner eyed it with contempt. She never did like the queer picture thing, she declared. It was the opportunity of a lifetime. Mr.

Miller promptly offered her the choice of any carpet in the stores in exchange for her "queer picture thing," and the woman as promptly accepted the offer. They went down-town together, and she selected with unbounded delight a ideous pattern of glowing reds and greens. Her face was full of triumph when she returned; the best room at last was to have a carpet that was a carpet! It is safe to say that no bargain ever gave more complete satisfaction to both arties than the one made that morning in Derby street,

The Man Who Stayed.

R OR one woman who dominates her husband in China there are doubtless nine of the approved Oriental stripe of humility; nevertheless, Chinese humorous literature abounds in references to henpecked husbands. Prof. Herbert Allen Giles of the University of Cambridge

Prof. Herbert Allen Giles of the University of Cambridge told one of these stories in the closing lecture of his recent course at Columbia College.

Ten henpecked husbands resolved to form a society to resist the imposition of their wives. The ten wives heard of the plan, and while the meeting for organization was in progress entered the room in a body. Nine of the rebellious husbands fled, but the tenth one retained his place, apparently unmoved by the unexpected visitation. The ten wives, after smiling contemptuously on the one man who remained, went back to their homes, well content with the success of their raid. The nine husbands thereupon returned to their meeting, resolved to make the heroic tenth man the presimeeting, resolved to make the heroic tenth man the presi-dent of the society. When they entered the room, however, to inform him of the honor, it was found that he was dead. He had died of fright.

An Indian's Strange Tomb.

HE gold fields of the Yukon have enabled the Indians of Alaska to follow the example of the wealthy white people and build mausoleums for their dead. This is a photo of a mausoleum built for an Indian chief at Dyea, Alaska. Inside are the remains of the mighty warrior, Kuck-Shaw, who passed on to the happy hunting grounds in 1895. He was a chief of the Tagish Indians at the head of Lake Bennett, and was known as a good Indian with a bad appetite.

His squaw, or royal consort, found some yellow stones which turned out to be gold nuggets and were appropriated by the big chief. Kuck-Shaw disposed of the gold for Yankee money and then crossed the mountains to pay an



official visit to the Chilkoot tribe at Dyea. A grand pow-wow followed his arrival, and Kuck-Shaw drank long and often of the firewater for three days. Then his war-whoop came only in a whisper and for two nights he fought bears and butterflies, and was found frozen to death one morning. His squaw gathered more gold nuggets and paid a ring. His squaw gathered more gold nuggets and paid a Yankee contractor \$600 to build this mausoleum and Kuck-Shaw was re-buried with grand ceremony. Inside are all his war clubs, bows and arrows, blankets and Sunday clothes. There is also an ample supply of dried meats, which is renewed from time to time, and an alarm clock which can be seen in the picture. The clock is supposed to go off for the Judgment Day, but it has never been wound up. His squaw now lives with the Chilkoot tribe, and acts as custodian of this house. The accompanying photograph was taken by La Roche, Seattle, Wash.

One on Mascagni.

When Pietro Mascagni, the famous composer of "Caval-When Pietro Mascagni, the famous composer of "Cavalleria Rusticana," arrived in New York from Europe, he was wakened early by the booming of guns and braying of bands. Looking out of his state-room window, he saw a procession of gayly decorated boats headed toward the "Philadelphia," on which he and Signora Mascagni were passengers. Naturally he was pleased. But as he stood leaning over the rail, after he had dressed, he noticed that none of the men and women who crowded the mosquito fleet were returning his bows. They were all looking at a long-bearded old man standing a little further aft. Then it was that Mascagni learned that that celebration was not intended for him, but for General Booth, head of the Salvaintended for him, but for General Booth, head of the Salva-tion Army. Later on, however, a big crowd of resident Italians met the distinguished composer at the pier, and gave him a fitting welcome.

Nipped in the Bud.

"Oh, Alfred! Isn't it too bad? Just as we had everything so nicely arranged for our elopement, father has gone and sanctioned the match."—" Harper's Monthly."

She (time II p.m.)—Are you aware of the fact that I am a mind reader? He—No, indeed. But to put you to the test, tell me what I'm thinking of. "You are thinking of starting for home immediately."—Chicago "Daily News."



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Anecdotal.

Of Gladstone, Henry Labouchere remarked: "I do not object to Mr. Glad-stone's occasionally having an ace up his sleeve. But I do wish he would not al-ways say that Providence put it there."

Congressman Charles N. Fowler of New Jersey recently visited one of his constituents in Union County, and found him trying to give some medicine to his little son, who had eaten too many green acce son, who had eaten too many greet apples, while a Christian Science neighbor was assuring the boy that there wanothing at all the matter with him. "I think I ought to know," greaned the boy; "I guess I've got inside information."

In refusing to grant a private interview to a certain politician, who is always trying to give him advice and information on important matters of legislation, President Rooseveit is said to have remarked: "It is always most distressing to me to be obliged to talk to that man. I find myself constantly exthat man. I find myself constantly expecting him to revert to his arboreal ancestors, grow a tail, and swing gracefully from the chandelier without interrupting the conversation."

It is related that ou one occasion Judge Roy Bean of Texas, who is better known as "the law west of the Pecos River," held a coroner's inquest on a Mexican who had been found dead near the Pecos River. The jury brought in a verdict of accidental death. The crowd was dispersing when the judge called them back. "There is another matter to attend to," he said; "on this man's body was found fifty dollars and a six-shooter. It is contrary to the laws of Texas and to the peace and dignity of the

A good story is told of the quick witted Irish lawyer, Baron O'Grady, who on one occasion was trying a case in a country court, outside of the walls of which a fair was in progress. Amid the miscellaneous herds of animals were a considerable number of asses, and one of these commenced to bray loudly. At once the chief harm storied the advoresounded through the court. Up jumper Mr. Bushe at once, with his hand to hiear, "Would your Lordship speak a little more loudly? There is such an echo in the court that I cannot hear distinctly."

During a visit to the South with an eclipse expedition, some years ago, an eminent American professor met an old negro servant, whose duty it was to look after the chickens of the establishment where he was staying. The day before the eclipse took place the professor, in an idle moment, called the old man to him and said: "Sam, if to-morrow morning, at eleven o'clock, you watch your chickens, you will find they will all go to roost," Sum was skeptical, of course but when at the appointed time next day the sun in the heavens was darkened, and the chickens retired to roost, the negro's astonishment knew no bounds. He During a visit to the South with at gro's astonishment knew no bounds. H

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approached the professor in awed won-der. "Massa," he asked, "how long ago did you know dat dem chiekens would go to roost?" 'Oh, a long time," said the professor, airily. "Did you know a year ago, massa?" "Yes." "Then dat beats de debil!" exclaimed the astonished old man; "dem chiekens weren't hatched a year ago!" a vear ago!

Booker T. Washington recently told a gathering of negroes that one of the great faults of his race was a disposition o exhibit knowledge under any and all ircumstances, and asserted that, until he negro learned not to display his vanity, he was useless in any confidential capacity. By way of illustration, he told a story which, he said, might be or might not be apocryphal, but which was good enough to be true. General Sherman had been told that the soldiers of a negro regiment in his command were very lax when on sentry duty, and showed a fondness for passing doubtful persons through the lines just to indulge their power to do so. To ascertain it this were so, he muffled himself one night in a cloak, and tried to get past so black sentry. After the "Who gos there?" the "A friend," and the "Ad there?" the "A friend," and the "Advance, friend, and give the countersign," had been exchanged, Sherman replied: "Roxbury!" "No, sah!" was the polite but firm response. "Medford!" "No, sah!" "Charleston!" Sherman next tried. "No, sah! No, sah! "said the negro, determinedly. Then he added: "Now, seen heah—yo' can go fru th' whole blamed joggrafy; but Massa Sherman he done say that nobody can got real man wifen!" that nobody can get pas' me wifout in' 'Cambridge!'"

Song of the Baby's Shirt.

titch, stitch, stitch, In a soft, delicious dream. wee pearl button, a tiny loop A feather-stitch down a seam.

A dainty hem as wide as a straw, An edging of filmy lace. And a wisp of ribbon, of baby blue, To fasten it all in place,

Stitch, stitch, stitch,
Into every buttonhole,
A loving wish and a tender hope
For the newly opening soul.

And the dainty thing as it finished lies With its folds of ribbon and lace, Calls up a dream of two soft eyes And a dear little dimpled face,

Stitch, stitch, stitch,
In a tender dream beguiled,
Oh, my heart and my eyes are full tonight
As I think of my little child.

Hide it away with loving hand, And a prayer in every fold, And a clinging kiss for the dimpled thing That baby's shirt shall hold. —Adah Louise Sutton.

All Due to a Discharged Coach-

T was announced by cable the other day that the young Queen of Holland had resumed her accustomed place at The Hague with restored health, and that her husband, Prince Henry, had returned simultaneously. This seems to be a proper occasion for contradicting all the vile scandals that were put alloat some months ago of alleged quarrels between Queen Wilhelmina and her husband, and of ill-treatment on his part toward herself, and of indignation in court circles at The Hague by reason thereof. The New York "Evening Post" declares that it is in a position to state that the Queen's marriage was a love match as genuine as any that ever takes place in private life, but it did not receive the sanction of the Dutch Government until the character of Prince Henceive the sanction of the Dutch Government until the character of Prince Henry as developed from infancy to manhood was fully known. All the presumptions, therefore, are that the home-life of the Queen is a happy one. None of those who come in contact with her have ever doubted this. A rumor to the contrary was first set afloat by a discharged coachman. It was seized upon by a raging newspaper reporter, and as by a raging newspaper reporter, and as it passed along the line, was magnified till it resembled a case of wife-beating, and necessitated the challenge to a duel sent to Prince Henry by a young nobleman, who could no longer endure the outrages heaped upon the Queen by her brutal husband. The original story of the discharged coachman was false, and all the rest was yellow journalism. Nobody in Holland who was in a position to know the facts ever believed a word of it, but all such persons were deeply mortified that such publications should be credited in other countries.

A Friend in Need.

The Remarkable and Happy Result of Timely Advice in the Case of a Hamilton Young Lady. It is a wise friend indeed that gives us

the right advice in our extremity.

Miss Lizzie Watting, dressmaker, at 17. King William street, Hamilton, Out., has good reason to be thankful to a friend of hers for some good advice given

riend of hers for some good advice given in an hour of need.
Miss Watling was for several years a great sufferer with Dyspepsia. The pain she had to endure was very trying.
She got at last so that she could eat nothing that would digest without giving her much distress. She says:

'I could not get anything to relieve me of my trouble till a friend of mine advised me to try Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets.

ets.
"I will always be gratefu! to her for
this advice, for they not only relieved
me, but in a short time completely cured

"This was five years ago, and since then I am happy to say that I have not had any stomach trouble whatever, and of course, I am satisfied that my cure was a perfect and permanent one.

"I can and will always heartily recommend Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets to anyone who may be suffering from stomach trouble, for I am sure from my own experience that they are the very best medicine for that sort of thing. Indeed, I found them to be the only medicine, and they therefore have my heartiest recommendation."

There are medicines that relieve stom-

h trouble, but Dodd's Dyspepsia Tab-ts do more, they not only relieve but solutely and forever cure the most

Miss Watling's case is ample proof of Hers was not a triffing ease, but a very

serious one. She had suffered for years and had got to the point when everything that entered her stomach brought with it pain and distress.

Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets cured her five years ago, and her statement positively proves that she has stayed cured.



Study of Brides.

HO is the most satisfied man on earth? asks the eternal querist. Surely it is the pro-phet whose forecast comes true. phet whose forecast comes true.

There is a spreading glow of satisfaction

n the soul of each of us who has had

the nerve and the insight to bravely foretell a thing and see it come to pa in justification of our faith and know-ledge. It's the crass conceit that lurks in every son and daughter of man, I sup-pose, but it's just the loveliest, most balmy feeling, and may you and I often experience it!

I've been lately making a study of

orides. You'd never know how fascinat-ugly they show up in the hour or two one has the chance to study them, while the veil and wreath are yet on their leads, and their surroundings are as try heads, and their surroundings are as try-ing as probably even themselves could desire. There's the nervous, blanched, automatic bride, whose hands are cold and limp, and the excited, flushed and rattled bride, whose hands are hot and trembling and lips compressed, and there's the flippant bride, whose head has a toss and whose eyes are restless and searching, who notices the smallest matter of greeting and suspects the has a toss and whose eyes are restless and searching, who notices the smallest matter of greeting and suspects the faintest smile. There's the calculating bride, who looks thoughtful and is mentally sizing up her own magnificence, the number of her guests and gifts, and the impression the whole affair is making on the public. There is the fussy bride, who whispers to mamma and watches the clock, and lifts her gown as she goes to cut the cake, and throws her bouquet into the chandelier, because she is anxious her sister shall catch it, and, womanlike, aims askew. And she asks you if everything went off properly, and did you think, and didn't you think, and never hears your anxious assurances, because she 's asking someone else the same thing. There's the sentimental bride, who clings to her new hubby's arm during the reception and gazes souttully into his eyes whenever she gets a chance, and cries when she says good-by to her parents, and nearly misses the to her parents, and nearly misses the train because she won't go without a portrait of her entire family group, non her favorite smelling-bottle. And there's the up-to-date and matter-of-fact bride the up-to-date and matter-of-fact bride, who is aggressively offhand and careless, who won't receive the guests in state, but walks about her drawing-room; who sends her bridegroom for a glass of champagne—"if you don't mind, old boy"—and drinks it before anyone can send a good wish her way; who says: "We shall do very well, I fancy. Each of us likes liberty and equality, like those revolutionists," when some pious old lady hopes the bride realizes her serious obligations. And outside all these tremuns. And outside all these tremu hypnotized or aggressively caln lous, hypnotized or aggressively calm and matter-of-fact young women there is a bride before whom the gods bow them a bride before whom the gods bow themselves, as they will always bow, poor old heathens! before the perfect creation. This bride is encompassed by a purity and a seriousness that suggest the sactificial and make one apt to silently protest against the very happiest marriage that ever was. It is the tribute she exacts, this stiffed protest, and this it is which hardens the lip of the father when he must step forward and formally renounce his dear guardianship at the priest's enquiry. It is this which whitens the face of the mother, as with yearning eyes she follows the daughter of her ens the face of the mother, as with yearning eyes she follows the daughter of her heart to the altar; she may weep over her later on, but the moment of protest is past, and she weeps weakly, acquiescent. The ideal bride is wrapped in the solemnity of her act of renunciation, of yow and pledge, and her soul looks seriously from eyes that do not see the guests, the favors, the flowers, or perhaps anything but the Spirit whom she is making a witness of her promises. A subtle change comes over her when the words are once uttered; a calm dignity and consciousness of the new life is already in her face. She meets the world with less of the untellable, the unknown; she is more human and possibly more worthy as she turns away from the sacred place to meet wealth, or hardship, or the fates only know what new conditions. A high courage and reserve should lift her head and a tenderness and peace should curve her lips. Her eyes no longer miss the dear, human interests, and her hand is firm to clasp the hands of those who come to greet and wish her well. But she is not effusively grateful nor playfully cynical, nor in any way affected by these wishes. with less of the untellable, the unknown ively grateful nor playfully cynical, nor in any way affected by these wishes One feels that they only touch the hem of her garment and that psychic signifi-cance for her they have none. She is for this one hour as far from us, as iroly and remote as the dawn, the stars the marvels of creation and nature that we look at and adore but may not touch Do you, in your fun or sentiment or ex-citement, cry out upon me that no such brides exist? It may be not for some but they are among us, this autumn-tide, and one is humbly thankful to have seen them for their presence has been seen them, for their presence has had lowed one of life's crossroads and raised the level of all humanity.

Perhaps nowhere and at no time do we feel the cruelty of the fashion which gives man all the pockets so keenly as when we set out on a journey. The woman of to-day makes a cult of compactness, and desires, above all, to be unencumbered with packages, dressing-cases, satchels and shawl-straps. One speaks feelingly, after a hurried little jaunt where loneliness and laziness combined to make "small luggage" the thing accursed. Even a tourist's strap and satchel was in the way, and I found great comfort in being the possessor of the traveling pocket made by the Julian Sale Company, which held my "gold" ("so English, you know!"), my small bits of piewelry, my tickets, and such matters. Unless one were senseless and gagged or dead accurate.

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In the "Dorothy Dodd" Shoe the word "fit" has been

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It is a shoe that satisfies the eye and the feelings. A shoe radically different from other shoes in several respects.

1st. It has striking style.

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5th. It has an "Arch Supporting Feature." that gives a dainty curve to the arch of the foot, supports the foot where it needs it, and prevents chafed heels, crowded toes, painful insteps and burning sensations.

And the cost of this Shoe in Canada is but \$3.75

The thousands of women who are participating in the \$4,000 Dorothy Dodd Prize contest (particulars on request) are evidence of the strong ho'd that the "Dorothy Dodd" Shoe has taken on popular favor.



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No. 200—Plain Persian Lamb Jacket, No. 202—Handsome stylish Jacket of 24 inches long, beautiful, rich, silky curl, storm collar, broad curl, storm collar, broad curls of Alaska Sable, lined with Minkcollar, reveresand cuffs, and cuffs of Alaska Sable, lined with Minkcollar, reveresand cuffs, and cuffs of Alaska Sable, lined with Minkcollar, reveresand cuffs, and cuffs of Alaska Sable, lined with Minkcollar, reveresand cuffs, and cuffs of Alaska Sable, lined with Minkcollar, reveresand cuffs, and cuffs of Alaska Sable, lined with Minkcollar, reveresand cuffs, and cuffs of Alaska Sable, lined with Minkcollar, reversand cuffs, and cuffs of Alaska Sable, lined with Minkcollar, reversand cuffs, and cuffs of Alaska Sable, lined with Minkcollar, reversand cuffs, and cuffs of Alaska Sable, lined with Minkcollar, reversand cuffs, and cuffs of Alaska Sable, lined with Minkcollar, reversand cuffs, and cuffs of Alaska Sable, lined with Minkcollar, reversand cuffs, and cuffs of Alaska Sable, lined with Minkcollar, reversand cuffs, and cuffs of Alaska Sable, lined with Minkcollar, reversand cuffs, and cuffs of Alaska Sable, lined with Minkcollar, reversand cuffs, and cuffs of Alaska Sable, lined with Minkcollar, reversand cuffs, and cuffs of Alaska Sable, lined with Minkcollar, reversand cuffs, and cuffs of Alaska Sable, lined with Minkcollar, reversand cuffs, and cuffs of Alaska Sable, lined with Minkcollar, reversand cuffs, and cuffs of Alaska Sable, lined with Minkcollar, reversand cuffs, and cuffs of Alaska Sable, lined with Minkcollar, reversand cuffs, and cuffs of Alaska Sable, lined with Minkcollar, reversand cuffs, and cuffs of Alaska Sable, lined with Minkcollar, reversand cuffs, and cuffs of Alaska Sable, lined with Minkcollar, reversand cuffs, and cuffs of Alaska Sable, lined with Minkcollar, reversand cuffs, and cuffs of Alaska Sable, lined with Minkcollar, reversand cuffs, and cuffs of Alaska Sable, lined with Minkcollar, reversand cuffs, and cuffs of Alaska Sable, lined with Minkcollar, reversand cuffs of Alask lapels, beil-sleeve, special . \$100.00

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handsome black satin, \$45.00 special..... No. 203-Verystylish No. 1 Electric Seal

Jacket, deep storm collar and broad lapels of choice Mink, lined with rich black satin, special \$75.00

Mink collar, reveres and cuffs, rich satin lining, special... \$150.00

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calls it, was in Egypt, and that the tra-dition that during His exile from Palestine the Blessed One studied in the Alex-andrian schools of medicine may have been the first cause of His being called the Great Physician? To some medical nen and women this would be an in spiration and a very much cherished one. Long before Joseph's compulsory so-lourn medicine was studied in Egypt," ays the English writer above quoted, and he gives particulars concerning the present medical institution (under an English superintendent), which are most progressive and satisfactory. The French physicians there did a great deal for medicine in modern times in the way of schools and hospitals, and the English are now, with their usual thoroughness, instructing, directing and maintaining a fine school and hospital.

To any of my friends who love the Irish and can understand something of their mystic, tremulous funcies and halfrevealed psychic powers, I would recommend a book lately published in London, written by W. B. Yeats and called "The Celtic Twilight," a book of twilight thoughts and fancies, dreams, imaginations and chimeras, gathered in the fields tions and chimerus, gathered in the fields and woods and villages of Ireland. Mr. Yeats isn't a believer, nor yet a scoffer. He just sets down what the folk told him, but ah! 'tis the very breath of Ireland he gives us, with his fairies, ghosts, demons, witches, leprechawns, and so forth. This book of Irish folk-lore is a treasure trove.

LADY GAY.

Save the Baby.

A Mother Tells How Many a Threatened

Life May be Preserved. To the loving mother no expense is too great, no labor too severe, if it will preserve the health of her little ones. Childish ills are generally simple, but so light is baby's hold on life that it is often a knowledge of the right thing to do that turns the tide at a crisis. Am in baby's illness every crisis is a critica oue. "I think the timely use of Baby's one. "I think the timely use of Baby's Own Tablets would save many a dear little life," writes Mrs. P. B. Bickford of Glen Sutton, Que. "I take pleasure in certifying to the merits of these Tablets, as I have found them a sure and reliable remedy. My baby was troubled with indigestion at teething time, and was cross and restless. The use of Baby's Own Tablets made a wonderful change, and I am glad to recommend them to others." Mothers who use these Tablets never afterward resort to harsh purgatives that gripe and torture baby, nor to the so-called "soothing" preparations that often contain poisonous opiates. Baby's Own Tablets are pleasant to take, shels," as the bishon pointed out they own read them as a contain poisonous opiates. that often contain poisonous opiates. Baby's Own Tablets are pleasant to take, guaranteed to be harmless. Send 25 cents for a full-sized box to the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., if your druggist does not sell them.

Wine a Subject, Not a Beverage.

we feel the cruelty of the fashion which gives man all the pockets so keenly as when we set out on a journey. The woman of to-day makes a cult of compactness, and desires, above all, to be unencumbered with packages, dressing-cases, satchels and shawl-straps. One speaks feelingly, after a hurried little jaunt where loneliness and laziness combined to make "small luggage" the thing accursed. Even a tourist's strap and satchel was in the way, and I found great company, which held my "gold" ("so English, you know!"), my small bits of jewelry, my tickets, and such matters. Unless one were senseless and gagged or dead, no other could steal anything from that pocket. The Julian Sale people have since inverted a little pocket which is worn even less obtrusively, as its name, the "garter" pocket, indicates. Of course no man will read any further, so I'll just tell my women friends that the "garter" pocket is the cutest little affair imaginable. A neck pocket for the very most precious things has been in great demand, but the new little pocket is a good rival.

Wine a Subject, Not a Beverage.

RTHUR J. EDDY, a well-known Chicago clubman and promoter of trusts, takes exception to the manner in which rare vintages are at present served at dinners and banquets, where the table is londed down until it grouns, the cooks groan, and the guest here to table is londed down until it groans, the cooks groan, and the guest here the table is londed down until it groans, the cooks groan, and the guest here to table is londed down until it groans, the cooks groan, and the guest here to table is londed down until it groans, the cooks groan, and the guest here the table is londed down until it groans, the cooks groan, and the guest here to table is londed down until it groans, the cooks groan, and the guest here to table is londed down until it groans, the cooks groan, and the guest here to table it subject to a later to the subject to the table is londed down until it groans, the cooks groan, and the guest here to table it subject to a

pagne somewhere, anywhere, every-where; port, grand, old ruddy port—that has disappeared; no one understands it, and no one knows when to serve it; while Madeira, that bloom of the vinous century plant, that rare exotic which ripers with passing generations, is all too subtle for our untutored discrimina-tion. And if, perchance, a good wine, like a strange guest, finds its way to the table, we are at loss how to receive it, how to address it, how to entertain it. We offend it in the decanting and distress it in the serving. We buy our wines in the morning and serve them in the evening to drink the sediment which the more fastidious wine during long years has been slowly rejecting; we mix the bright, transparent liquid with its dregs, and our rough palates detect no difference. What is the use of serving good wine? No one recognizes it, appreciates it, or cares for it. It is served by the butler and removed by the footman without introduction, greeting, table, we are at loss how to receive it footman without introduction, greeting or comment. The Hon. Sam Jones, froi Podunk, is announced in stentorian tone Podunk, is announced in stentorian tones as he makes his advent, but the gem of the dinner, the treat of the evening, the flower of the feast, an Haut Brion of '75, or an Yquen of '64, or a Johannisberger of '61, comes in like a tramp without a word. Possibly some one of the guests, whose palate has not been blunted by coarse living or seared by strong drink, may feel that he is drinking something out of the ordinary, and he may linger out of the ordinary, and he may linger over his giass, loath to sip the last drop; but all the others gulp their wine, or leave it—with the indifference of ignor ance. Good wine is loquacious; it is a great traveler and smacks of many lands; it is a bon vivant, and has dined with the select of the earth; it recalls a thousand anecdotes; it reeks with re-miniscences; it harbors a kiss and re-flects a glatce, but it is a silent com-panion to those who know it not, and it is quarrel-one with those who abuse it."

Conversation of Women With Men.

It does not matter how polite a man it is not advisable to call them "bl-y sh-ls," as the bishop pointed out to a

curate. Tittle-tattle has been univercurate. Tittle-tattle has been universal I dare say, ever since Eve had a daughter and, after all, one does not delight i discussing burning public questions between courses. It is also true that i the Smart Set there does not seem to be any interest shown in burning publiquestions, so far as the ladies are concerned. They find more interest in "spot time" the event date at which Mrs. Set the ting" the exact date at which Mrs. and So put on a little rouge, or had hair "restored" to a color it never been before.—"Harper's Weekly."

"I am a self-made man." "Well, you keep your mouth closed no one w suspect it."

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INERO'S ginia l York of an exce ted woman ess of dispe inner pove doubtless, ng widow, thousands usands had arried again married again luxury that he of her life; sl Iris without l jewels, her fine servants, is a Yet she is tree

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Pinero's "Iris."

Pinero's "Iris."

Pinero's "Iris."

Pinero's "Iris," which Virginia Harmed is playing in New York and which everybody, especially women, have rushed to see, is the story of the downfall of an exceedingly feeble and poorspirited woman. The author's idea of his heroine was that great personal beauty, charm of manner and a winning child-ishness of disposition covered and offset the inner poverty of character. There are, doubtless, many Iris's in the world. We have all probably met one or more. When we first see Pinero's Iris she is a young widow, living sumptuously on the thousands of her late husband. These thousands had a string to them. If she married again she would lose them. The luxury that her money gives her is part of her life; she and it are inseparable. Iris without her beautiful clothes, her jewels, her fine house and her retinue of servants, is a thing not to be conceived. Yet she is trembling on the verge of renouncing them all. She is twenty-six, and for the first time loves—a good-looking, helpless, gentlemanly, pauperized young Englishman.

Yet so obnoxious and terrifying is the thought of life in a log hut in British Columbia, which will be her portion if she marries the young man, that she tries to make herself accept her other suitor, Freddie Maldonado, a sort of Rothschild; immensely rich, having a touch of the Jew and Spaniard. But, after vacillating between her hot-blooded millionaire and her gentlemanly pauper, Iris finally throws herself into the arms of the latter. She will not let him return to log-hut life in British Columbia. They live in a dream of unending joy—he as her guest at her villa on the Lake of Como. Her friends grow uneasy; people begin to talk. When he speaks of returning to duty she suggests that he leave the pecuniary end of things to her. She is rich.

This is the situation when two thunderbotts fall. Laurence's uncle won't give him any more money, and he has to

pre pegin to taik. When he speaks that he leave the pecuniary end of things to her. She is rich.

This is the situation when two thunderbolts fall. Laurence's uncle won't give him any more money, and he has to return to British Columbia, and Iris's trustee absconds, having lost her fortune. Everybody but Maldonado, who is so rich nothing can touch him, and Laurence, who is so poor he has not a penny to lose, are hurt by this catastrophe. But poor Iris is almost completely beggared. From her original estate, an income of fifteen dollars a week is rescued, and she has a desperate parting with Laurence, in which, with tears and sobs, she promises to wait three years for him, her cries of anguish rending the air as he departs in the gray dawn.

From this on begins her second and terrible downfall. Maldonado, who has been doing the devoted friend act, has seen and understood the situation, and has been filled with the gnawing passions of rage and revenge that belong to his Spanish blood. He determines to be quits with the woman who has scorned him for a raw boy, and he sees his instrument in her poverty. In the play it is not told till the end how he finally conquers and crushes her, throwing temptations of money-spending in her way, and covertly watching her as she sinks from one phase of poverty to another, her feeble nature battling futilely against the horrors of the penury she has never before known.

Our next sight of her is in a very beautiful teat-gown, in a very elaborate flat, both, presumably, the property of Maldonado. She is wretched, but her wretchedness is neither convincing nor provocative of sympathy. The situation is too hopelessly and brutally sordid. Iris has got the tea-gown and the flat, which, after all is said and done, were the sort of things she lived for—or certainly could not live without. She moans and yaps over her downfall and her degradation, and quarrels with Maldonado, and altogether is a dreary, ineffectual, sapless being, without the strength to be good or the courage to be bad.

strength to be good or the courage to be bad.

Of course, the log-cabin lover comes back from British Columbia at this stage of the game. And equally, of course, he joyously and briskly goes forth to find her. And, also of course, she is very glad to hear he is in town, and sends him a message to come at nine o'clock, as Maldonado will be in the country, and then rushes into her room and puts on a black dress. Then when he comes she sits down near the footlights, and in a voice drenched with tears tells him the story of the last two variegated years. He is appalled, aghast, amazed. The tale of the poverty that included back bedrooms and broken boots for the once debonair and pampered Iris, wakes no thrill of sympathy in him. He is sickened and repelled. Her weepy recital of unbrightened penury—and you can't lose sight of the fact that she always did have that fifteen dollars a week—leaves him cold and unmoved. He makes no response when she sobs and writhes in graceful, serpentine anguish. And finally, with hardly a word (an admirable feature in the high-strung scene), he goes, leaving her to Maldonado and her late.

This comes quickly. Maldonado has discovered all, and crept back in time to

This comes quickly. Maldonado has discovered all, and crept back in time to hear the conversation. He enters the room in a hideous fury, and for a moment seizes her by the neck and wrings it. Then, with an effort, he controls the blind impulse to kill, and looses his hold upon her. She is not worth killing, he tells her. For a year he has yielded to passion. Now prudence is in control. Standing with his back to the fireplace he talks to her coldly and cynically. He standing with his back to the fireplace he talks to her coldly and cynically. He finally orders her to go. She offers some feeble word of protest. He jerks his head at the door of her room where her clothes are. She gets her hat and jacket. Stupidly she traverses the room, looking at him with scared eyes. He watches her morosely, neither speaking. She gains the door, opens it, slips out and slowly closes it. Then Maldonado, with a wild yell of hysterical laughter, flies slowly closes it. Then Maldonado, with a wild yell of hysterical laughter, flies at the turniture, lifts it up and crashes it down, hurls the china vases to the ground, scizes the mahogany table and smastics it against the floor, while his shrieks of mad laughter fill the theater. A more terrible finale was never seen in a modern play. A more morbid and de-pressing play was never seen in a modern theater.

theater.
What is Mr. Pinero's message in "Iris," if it has a message? Some have denied that it has have called it a brutal and meaningless spectacle. A writer in "Harper's Weekly" thinks differently. He thinks Mr. Pinero never wrote with so serious a purpose, and that his message is this:

able. You have got to the point where nothing short of the trail of the beast satisfies you, and you are in need of a corrective. I think my "Iris" will correct you, and set your faces again toward that which is wholesome, for it, after a contemplation of that which she brings you, you are not nauseated and disgusted with this sort of thing to such a point that you turn from it in horror, you should not be permitted to go free. For myself, I feel a sense of responsibility for this disease that has fallen upon you, and it is my wish to remedy, in part at for this disease that has fallen upon you, and it is my wish to remedy, in part at least, the blight my genius has served to fasten upon our age. I regard "Iris" as the supreme expression of the unseemly drama. I have intentionally made it revolting; I have played the limit in the game of the morbid drama not because I like to do it, but because I think the tendency should be stamped utterly out. game of the morbid drama not because I like to do it, but because I think the tendency should be stamped utterly out. Now that you see to what an awful ultimate the woman-baiting play may be pushed, I trust that you will shun it because I the door of your appreciation to the works of those who see life in its true proportions, and who deal with the things which we deprecate and deplore as mere phases of the larger picture, not as the essence of existence.

Yours for reform,

Arthur Wing Pinero.

He himself has stood aghast at the taste he has inspired, and as a corrective he has administered the bitterest dose his genius is capable of concocting.

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own, be can indulge in a whist without giving her a change to complain of the sense. Fruit sells, pure pepsin and bismoth.

The observed plant of the sense of th benefit. This new preparation has already made many astonishing cures, as for instance, the following:

After using only one package of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets 1 have received

art's Dyspepsia Tablets I have received such great and unexpected benefit that I wish to express my sincere gratitude. In fact, it has been six months since I took the package, and I have not had one particle of distress or difficulty since. And all this in the face of the fact that the best doctors I consulted told me my case was Chronic Dyspepsia and absolutely incurable as I had suffered twenty five years. I distribute half a dozen

lutely incurable as I had suffered twen-ty-five years. I distributed half a dozen packages among my friends here, who are very anxious to try this remedy. MRS. SARAH A. SKEELS, Lynnville, Jaspar Co.,Mo. Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are sold by druggists everywhere at 50 cents for full-sized packages.

While Imprisoned.

A prisoner condemned to prison for life, after a careful study of the Bible, found it to contain 3,586,489 letters, 773,692 words, 31,173 verses, 1,183 chapters, and 66 books. The word "and" occurs 46,277 times, the word "Lord" 1,855 times.

The middle verse is the 8th of the

The middle verse is the 8th of the 118th Psalm. The 21st verse of the 7th chapter of Ezra contains all the letters of the alphabet except "j."

The longest verse is the 9th in the 8th chapter of Esther. The shortest is the 35th of the 11th chapter of St. John's Gashel.

Gospel.

There are no words of more than six syllables.

It must have taken the poor prisoner many years of patient, careful study to gather all these facts.

ts this:

Dear Friends—I send my "Iris" to you with a message. She will tell you that you have been given overlong to a liking for the thing that is brutal and unspeak.

Amiable old lady, blind in one eye and very deaf, wants to serve as chaperone for young ladies. Satisfaction assured—Detroit "Free Press."

Off the Premises



Mr. Henpeck's wife will not allow him to have a pipe in the house; but, by an ingenious device of his own, he can indulge in a whiff without giving her a chance to complain of the smell of smoke.—" Pick-Me-Up."

careful about appearances, nor would put herself out to make a good impression. I am sure it is the writing of a clever, able person.

Virginia Carvel.—A girl of sixteen who is not an extra well developed character would not be a fit subject for dissection through graphology. You are still only in the second stage of development and have much yet to grow to. An ambition to be a business woman will not fit you for the home life. Drop it, I beg of you, upless necessity bids you leave your parents. There is no reason why you shouldn't make an extra good housekeeper. Put your mind to it.

Dudley.—If you will send me your former nom de plume and somewhere about the date of your study, I'll look it up, and republish it. Your question, "Am I a crab or a scorpion or something equally awful?" shows indeed a deplorable informance of the signs and their significance. However, you are neither, but a Libra (October 16), one of the brilliant signs, of the air, and capable of great development. Libra runs to extremes in every way, and is apt to be false to itself for that reason. Overfond, over-reserved, over-imaginative, over-calculating, one has only to recall the Libras one knows to see the vibration and swinging of the scales from the topmost notch to the lowest depth. One Libra guishes over everything, another is a blase cynic; one is always wearing rose spectacles, another will see everything through green glasses. Rarely does Libra polse herself evenly in early life, but once balanced, she is all that is true and lovely. Sorry I missed birthday wishes, my lady. Will you not believe that I offer them tardily but sincerely? Truth to tell, your writing commands sincerity, which is almost an unfailing Libra excellence.

Canadian.—Here to you, my exile! And so you are also a June baby? Well, you've 'got the touch of the month of roses all right. Cling to it, and keep your lines, for there isn't a dull or desnondent touch in them. You have good, clear thought, persistent effort, light but firm nurose, a cheery disnosition, i



Own Heatlh

when you drink Abbey's Salt, Extracted from the juice of pure fruits, it is both a giver and pre-server of health.

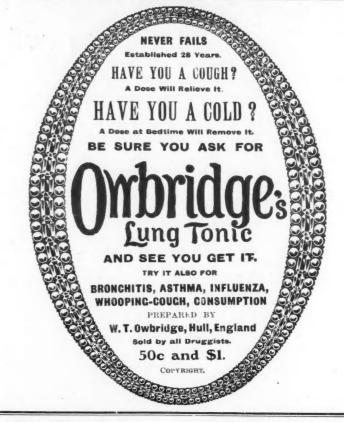
is recommended by physicians because it purifies the blood, cleanses the stomach, invigorates the liver and gently regulates the bowels. It keeps the head clear, the eyes bright and the complexion good.

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sounded so like a divorce agency, did it not? And while I was yet stunned you remark, "Do be as merciful as the case will allow." I believe you are a foreigner, aren't you? I believe you are a foreigner, aren't you? If so, a little spelling is a dangerous thing, and you've been in frequent peril. Fortunately, it's nothing to affect your study. What is much worse, you used poor link, and it has quite faded out. However, here goes for what's left of you! You have susceptibility, adaptability, imagination, order, very dominant will, quick, bright thought, sense of humor, generally good sequence of ideas, original talent, and a suggestion of traditional pride. You have asserbit thought, sense of humor, generally good sequence of ideas, original talent, and a suggestion of traditional pride. You have anbition as yet unattained, and should be a bright and interesting person.

Peggy, "What a thing to say!" (a is Molly the Marchioness). So you thought I found the Easterners characterless, and you thought I meant "all that could convey." Oh, you extremely literal Peggy, I am delighted to say they all have characters now, anyway, for I've been giving 'em good ones by the hum-



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O say that Mme. Sembrich is a su-preme mistress of the art of vo-calization is beginning to savor of calization is beginning to savor of
the parrot-like utterances which
are repeated over and over again by the
press. The statement nevertheless, if not
original, conveys a fact that is generally
acknowledged to be true by musicians.
Mme. Sembrich's popularity, however, has
not depended upon her finish as a mere
vocalizer, but has been won by the convincing truth of her interpretations of
whatever music she undertakes to sing. whatever music she undertakes to sing She has the rare gift of being able to seize the spirit and style of a composi-tion, no matter of what school. I have always maintained that for her beautiful phrasing she is to a certain extent in-debted to her early studies on the violin. of which she was once a brilliant soloist. Her singing has always had a great educational value to vocal students, and he audiences in Toronto have always en braced a large representation of thiclass. On Wednesday evening of las week Mme. Sembrich reappeared at Mas sey Hall and, unassisted, gave a song re-cital of twenty-two programme num-bers. Such an exacting performance would have been wearisome from a less distinguished artist, but Mme. Sembrich was able to hold the interest of her audi-tors to the last. I do not wish to be understood, in laying stress upon Mme. Sembrich's technical and interpretative art, as belittling her voice. She has in-deed a rare and beautiful voice, natural-ty flexible, and of even quality throughsev Hall and, unassisted, gave a song re by flexible, and of even quality throughout its compass, but there are other singers on the concert stage who have voices just as beautiful. There are very few of these singers, however, whose capabilities are not limited to a narrow super of intervention, if they are felling capabilities are not limited to a narrow range of interpretation; if they are feli-citous in one school of singing they are ineffective in others. Mme. Sembrich seems equally successful, whether in the light florid arias of Rossini and Bellini, the serious German song-forms, or the elevated operatic music of such a role as Elsa in "Lohengrin." In certain of the old Italian florid arias, she is unanelsa in "Louengrin." In certain of the old Italian florid arias she is unapproached, and I may cite as example the Bellini "Ah! Non Giunge," which she sings not only with perfect charm of technique, but with a joyous abandon that must surely realize the spirit of the song. It would be an idle task to comment upon the individual numbers of the long and varied programme with which she delighted her audience of Wednesday evening. They were all so appropriately rendered that it would be difficult to discriminate. Schubert, Schumann, Beethoven, Brahms, Gluck, Handel, Bach, Pergolesi, were all represented, while the more modern school was illustrated by Richard Strauss, Bizet, Tschaikowski and Grieg. old Italian florid arias she is unap

The Mendelssohn Choir have made de finite arrangements for their concerts on the evenings of February 11 and 12. At the first concert the chorus will sing a num-ber of unaccompanied works by Brahms, Elgar. Pitt, Kopilow, Vierling, Borodin and others, as well as a charming lullaby and others, as well as a charming lullaby for chorus and orchestra by Elgar, be-sides repeating at the request of many of the patrons of the society, the brilof the patrons of the society, the brilliant excerpt from the opera of "Carmen," which they sang so effectively at the last concert. The famous Pittsburg orchestre, which has been engaged for both evenings, will play under Mr. Vietor Herbert's direction Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony (for the first time in Toronto), and Elgar's "Cockaigne" overture (first time) on the opening night, while at the second concert symphonic worl's by Tschaikowski and Liszt, besides a number of other important comsides a number of other important com-positions which will be made known in due course, will be given. At the second concert the chorus will sing several unaccompanied numbers, Coleridge Taylor's dramatic cantata, "Hiawatha's Wedding Feast," with orchestra, and a short work by Elgar, also with orchestra. The conby Elgar, also with orchestra. The con-ductor considers the chorus superior to any body of singers the society has hitherto put forward, and the enthus-iasm with which they are entering upon the season's preparation leads one to anticipate that the artistic results of this year will be more strikingly in evi-dence than ever. Subscription lists will be supplied to the chorus and committee in a few days.

to the subject of music. The Universit of Toronto has already established a syof Toronto has already established a system of local examinations, and musical topics are beginning to find a place in the list of annual lectures given by other universities. On Wednesday evening of last week Professor Clark delivered a discourse on "Sacred Song" at Trinity College, illustrated by musical selection sung by a mile choir, under the direction of Dr. Hain, and on the following Friday Mr. A. S. Vogt lectured in Castle Memorial Hail, McMaster University, on "Choir Music; Its Repertoire and Interpretation." Professor Clark's discourse was largely historic, tracing the genealo-"Choir Music; Its Repertoire and Interpretation." Professor Clark's discourse was largely bistorie, tracing the genealingy of Psalmody from Hebraic times through various sources down to the present day. One of his illustrations was the "Song of Miriam," which it is believed has come to us in the original form. Mr. Vogt dealt principally with modern church music, and credited the Anglican school as its principal source. He, however, strongly praised Gounod for his religious spirit and the vocal effect of his secred compositions. He considered the ilorid masses of Mozart and Haydn as unchurchlike, and cited the fact that many of the high ecclesiastical authorities of the Roman Catholic Church were advocating a simpler style, and that, in consequence, the old masses were not frequently heard. It is interesting to mention that the Jarvis Street Baptist choir, which sang the illustrative selections, gave a beautiful "Ave Verum" by Dr. Elgar, and that Mr. Vogt expressed the opinion that Elgar is undoubtedly the greatest English composer of these days. He added it was a matter of congratulation that Elgar has begun to compose in the authem form, as the warmth of his style, his originality and his admirable mastery of vocal effects are elements frequently lacking in the works of the leading Anglican Church composers.

There is many a true word spoken in just.

ily devoted to concerts of a not very severely classical character, and, accord-ing to a story which is just now running round English musical circles, one of the secretarial staff wrote out and stuck up a beautiful notice reading:

During the Performances of THE MUSICAL FESTIVAL In This Hall THERE WILL BE NO MUSIC Here This Week.

Or can it have been that some naught critic was "doing" Blackpool for a holi day?

The Welland "Telegraph" makes the ollowing remarks on one of our leading opranos: "Anna Parker was known by sopranos: "Anna Parker was known by the audience to have a reputation as a beautiful vocalist, and as she appeared on the stage she was greeted with applause. She has a magnificent voice and perfect control, showing years of training. She also has great personal beauty and a most attractive stage manner. Her numbers on the programme were the most popular with the audience." This artist has already booked a number of engagements for the coming season, and her time promises to be fully occupied. sopranos:

The annual election of officers for the Foronto Clef Club held at McConkey's Toronto Cler Club heid at McConkeys on Wednesday evening of last week, resulted as follows: President Mr. W. J. McNally; vice-president, Mr. W. E. Fairclough; secretary, Mr. H. S. Saunders; treasurer, Mr. A. T. Cringan; executive committee, Dr. Fisher, Dr. Anger and Mr. F. S. Welsman.

The plan for the series of String Quartette concerts opens on Monday morning at the Conservatory of Music. The first concert will be given on Thursday evening of next week, November 6, and an attractive programme has been issued, which includes a complete Beethoven quartette and part of one by Haydn. Mr. E. W. Knowles, buritone, is the assisting vocalist, and Mr. Napier Durand, pianist, will join the quartette in giving three movements of Sinding's quintette, which has probably never been given in Toronto before. Mr. Saunders will play a group of 'cello solos, and Miss Jennie E. Williams will be the accompanist. The plan for the series of String Quar

Mr. Thomas C. Jeffers was on Monday night presented by the trustees and mu-sical committee of the Central Metho-list Church with an address and writing desk, as a mark of esteem and good-will. Mr. Jeffers had occupied the position of organist and choirmaster of the church sixteen years, and now retires to preside over the musical services of Old 8t. Andrew's. Mr. Edgar R. Doward, formerly organist of Broadway Taher-nacle, will succeed Mr. Jeffers at the Cen-

Mr. W. S. B. Mathews, the well-known musical critic, is evidently not an admir-er of the mandolin cult, and in the cur-rent number of the "Etude" he deprecates the practice of the instrument in United States colleges. He contrasts the study of music in the Russian colleges. study of music in the Russian colleges, to the disadvantage of the former. "In the University of St. Petersburg," he writes, "they have an orchestra of one hundred and fifty students, and they play all the great symphonies under a most excellent musical director, the professor of music, Mr. H. V. Hlavac, who was an imposing figure at the Chicago World's Fair. The explanation of this fact, which would be impossible in America, is to be found in the smaller busierica, is to be found in the smaller business possibilities for young men in Russia, whereby the profession of an orchestral musician is at least an assurance of a good living. If such a man as Mr. Theodore Spiering were at the head of music in the Chicago University I am not sure that a really good orchestra could be maintained there. Several of the Catholic universities in this countr have good orchestras and are quite as innocent of the mandolin evil (except in its proper place as a very light pastime) as they are of the Sankey gospel hymns."

It is gratifying to read the following just appreciation of Mr. Theodore Thomas in the columns of the "Musical Courier" from a Chicago correspondent: "What a fine figure is Theodore Thomas! What a sturdy fighter for the classical, and yet how ardent a champion for the new! Unmindful of ignorant criticism, orin and unvielding the pursues his rigid It is gratifying to note that our uni-grim and unyielding, he pursues his rigid way. For him there are but two kinds of music—best and bad—and he never plays the bad. His set ideal is not a pose, as has been unjustly intimated. pose, as has been unjusty unimaries, tather it is an uncompromising expression of himself. Theodore Thomas has never descended to the level of a mixed audience; they must always rise to his and he is the man to make them do it. He did it in the early New York days and he is doing it in these days in Chi-

Edward Barton, recently from England and now a well-known teacher in Toronto, sang last Sunday at two churches in Bowmanville. The "Statesman" of that town contains the following remarks about his singing: "The choir was ably assisted by Mr. Edward Barton of Toronto, the well-known baritone vocalist, who sang three solos, each being capitally rendered. Mr. Barton's voice is well under control, and his singing shows unmistakable evidence of musiws unmistakable evidence of musi

Mr. Julian Edwards for some years past has been occupying a prominent place in the limited ranks of comic opera composers on this side of the Atlantic. His first notable essay was, I think, "Brian Born," an Irish opera, which aimed at something higher and better than the then too common productions of buffoonery and vulgar music called by courtesy comic opera, which held the American stage. Then followed "The Princess Chie" and "Dolly Varden," both of which have enjoyed great popularity in the States and Canada. His latest work is "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," now this week's attraction at the Princess Theater. The title is not very promising, but the work has agreeably negatived the suggestion of the name. It must be put down to Mr. Edwards' credit that he has aimed in this, as in his previous operas, at the production of opera comique rather than of opera bouffe. He has not set to nusic the horse-play and buffoon inanties of the Mr. Julian Edwards for some year

and naturally composes music that is English in character, except when he makes a deliberate effort to write in other styles, such as the Italian or the German. By way of digression, I might add that the press of the United States were very much offended when Ivorak, the great composer, pronounced the opinion that the national music of the United States was "giverne" in virgin Dieterstands. ion that the national music of the Unit-ed States was "nigger" in origin. Over-ak was, I think, right, or else how is it that we hear from companies from the other side so many rag-time marches and "coon-shouting" songs? Even Sousa's marches betray the taint, and Victor Herbert, in his operas, is not free from it. Mr. Edwards has, however, steadily evaded the influence of his American enevaded the influence of his American er vironment in this respect, and his operas reveal an intention to follow the lines of opera comique as laid down by Auber and Herold. It is unfortunate that Mr. Edwards has a very clinging memory. He unconsciously reproduces in a transformed version many ideas of other composers. At one time his score suggests Sullivan, at another Verdi, etc. There is, however, often an undeniable eleverness of workmanship in his music, and he has written several numbers that are immensely popular. I need only mention "War Is a Bountiful Jade," in the "Princess Chic." It is an instance of the irony of fate that Julian Edwards, an Englishman, should set to music "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," which is a glora-Edwards has a very clinging memory. He unconsciously reproduces in a transset to music "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," which is a glorification of the United States, and contains a good deal of spread-eagleism. Very considerately, this spread-eagleism is softened or zoned down for the Toronto production. The opera, I have no doubt, will have a great success in the United States, especially in the big cit-ies. The music is bright and tuneful and the composer has worked up some effective climaxes. He has also supplied them in their memories—nay, even whistle—after hearing a couple of verses. The scenic investi-ture of "When Johnny Comes Marching Home" is extremely beautiful. Marching Home" is extremely beautiful, and the company is a strong and capable one, especially in regard to the chorus and the women principals. The first act is very happily contrived, and the audience are treated to the novel spectacle (to them) of a waltz, in which the women dancers wear the old hoop-skirts of the sixties. It may be mentioned that the story of the libretto deals with supposed incidents in the closing period of the war between the Southern and Northern States. Like in the between the States. of the war between the South ern and Northern States. Lik most genuine operas comique, or tru comedy, it has many serious situations The plot will not bear analysis well, but The plot will not bear analysis well, but it is as well connected and logical as that of the majority of the light operas of the day. The work suffers somewhat from being too long. The sentimental numbers in the second act are pretennumbers in the second act are preten-tious, but they are not original, nor are they sufficiently relevant or pointed to hold the interest of the hearer. The ef-fect of the opera might be strengthened by judicious cutting down, and it is pro-bable this will be done before it reaches

A very successful concert was given or A very successful concert was given on Tuesday, October 28, at the Toronto Junction College of Music and School of Elocution, when Mrs. Scott-Raff gave a fine interpretation of "The Last Appearance of Lady Macbeth," as well as a few lighter numbers. She was enthusiastically received by a large audience, and was recalled after each number. The concert was also noted for the first appearance. recalled after each number. The concervas also noted for the first appearance of Mr. W. J. Long, violinist, now of the College staff, who played brilliantly Mu sin's "Mazurka de Concert" and Wie niawski's "Valse Capriccio." Miss Violet Smith, contralto, lately from Boston also made her debut on this occasion She has a powerful voice of wide range and caye an artistic rendering of two an artistic rendering of tw and gave Miss Dorothea Davis, pianist, songs. Miss Dorothea Davis, planist, talented pupil of Miss Macmillan, gave clear interpretation of Schubert's "In promptu, op. 90," and a spirited performance of Weber's "Rondo Brilliant" in Mr. A. Blight, also scored a success, reception was held in the College room after the concert, which was largely a after the concert, which was largely at tended. CHERUBINO,

Poetic Justice.

A gentleman of an economical turn of mind wished to make a present to a lady. He went into a china shop, says an English exchange, where he happened an English exchange, where he happened to notice a valuable vase, which had jus-been smashed into a dozen pieces. "How much for that?" he enquired of the shop man. "Those pieces, sir?" said the shop man, in surprise. "You can have then for a shilling. It's quite past mending He paid another sixpence for a box pack it in, and told the man to send o the lady's address, hoping that she would take for granted that it had been broken in transit. Unfortunately, hever, when the lady came to unpack box it transpired that the shopman Unfortunately, how wrapped each fragment in a separate piece of paper!

Sir Henry Irving's Speeches.

Sir Henry Irving has won a great reputation as an after-dinner speaker, but, according to Harry Furniss, his speeches are carefully prepared and printed in very large block type, easily read at a distance. Herein lies the triumph of the actor. These slips are artfully placed on the table, out of sight of the audience; and while one of the speaker's hands rests artistically on his hip, the other toys with a fruit-knife, and with it pages of the speech are turned over as they are read. So perfectly is this is they are read. So perfectly is this toted, so gracefully does the body sway and so well-timed are the pauses in the speech, that only those seated in closoroximity to Sir Henry are aware he is according to seaters. eading his speech.

Cautious.

"Let's go have a drink, Smithers."
"No, I've sworn off this week for a test."
"Why, what are you testing?" "Myself,
As long as I find I can stop I won't stop;
but as soon as I find I can't stop I will
stop."—Ex.

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Church composers.

There is many a true word spoken in jest. And, occasionally, a word which is not true is spoken in Blackpool. The recent musical festival under Dr. Richter's conductorship was held in a hall ordinar-

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Social and Personal,

A correspondent writes: "Mrs. J. Gilmour Hay held her post-nuptial reception Monday afternoon at 346 Rusholme road, to which many callers came to wish the handsome bride every happiness in her artistic new home. She received in a lovely gown of white satin, veiled in lace, with silver and blue touches on the corsage and jupe. In the tea-room the dainties were presided over by some pretty girl friends of the bride, Miss Elsie Ross, Miss Ella Ginson, Miss Johnston, Miss Madge King-Dodds and Miss MacMahon, each wearing dainty light gowns. The tea-table was lovely with its rare covering of Mexican hand lace, with softly-shaded crimson and white lights and floral decorations in the same colors. A few of those who called white lights and floral decorations in the same colors. A few of those who called were Mrs. Robert Smith, Miss Thompson, Mrs. Rose, Mrs. King-Dodds, Mrs. Caven, Mrs. Sydney Sykes, Mrs. Ginson, Mrs. Helliwell, Mrs. MacFarlane, Miss Gib-bons of Cornwall, Mrs. Jarvis, and many others."

Miss Hughes is en pension at the Ar lington for the winter.

The Washington, D.C., "Times" this week, in speaking about the "Gentleman of France" Company, in which the well-known Canadian actor, Mr. Herbert Fortier, is a member, says: "'A Gentleman of France' does not give exceptional opportunities to anyone except Mr. Fellew and Miss Robson, but Mr. Herbert Fortier and Oscar Eagle are especially good in their respective parts."

Mrs. Dick McGaw of Crescent road has returned from Chicago and will re-ceive on the first, second and third Tues-

Mr. and Mrs. Lyndsie H. Bedlington are leaving the city on a visit to the lat-ter's parents. Mrs. Bedlington will therefore not receive during the month

Mrs. William Whyte of Winnipeg is in the city visiting her daughter, Mrs. Charles S. Meek, at No. 353 Markham street, and will receive with her on the first and third Thursdays in November.

month.

The Kappa Alpha Society, father of all the Greek letter societies, which add so much to the student life of Toronto, has opened its new chapter house with a tea and evening dance this week. The Alpha Kaps, gauging wisely the capacity of their charming chapter house, divided their festivity, and keep open house afternoon and evening on Tuesday. The chapter house is the aeme of comfort and artistic beauty, and the sponsors of the enterprise, Mr. Percy Parker and Mr. Casey Wood, have every reason to be proud of its success. From the quaint oak door to the pretty garret chambers there is a succession of pretty rooms, and the entrance hall, with its musicians balcony and enclosed verandah, was, on the day of the house-warming, a perfect picture. On the first floor the society's dining-room was beautifully decorated with scarlet flowers, and the banquetable, set as a brilliant buffet, with red shaded lights and heaps of bright carnations, the same flowers being carried by many of the young beauties who graced the dance Now open at the Conservatory of Music. College St., for 5 STRING QUARTETIE CONCERTS.

First Concert 'hursday, vov. 6th. at Conservatory Music Hall. As-i-ting artists Mr. E. W. Knowles, barttone; Mr. Napler D Irand, plani-t; Miss Jonnie E. Williams, accompanist. Plan opens for sub-cribers at 10 a.m., on Monday, Nov. 3rd, at the Conservatory; to the general public on Wednesday, Nov. 5th. Course tickets, \$2.50. Single admissions (reserved) 75c. and \$1.00.

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Mr. E. 8. Williamson's lecture on Dickens at the Conservatory Music Hall on Wednesday evening was listened to by a large and delighted audience. Ow-ing to the crowded state of our columns comment is reserved till next week in order that justice may be done Mr. Wil-liamson's magnificent exposition of the novelist's career.

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Social and Personal,

A quiet wedding which took place on Saturday, October 25, was that of Miss Mabel Bastedo, daughter of Mrs. Gilbert C. Bastedo of 64 Robert street, to Dr. Jay Ma yl nald Burgess of Detroit. The ceremony was performed at St. Thomas Church by the Rev. G. B. Gordon of Niagara Falls. Miss Anna Bastedo, siste of the bride, was maid of honor, and the groomsman was the groom's brother, Mr Charles J. Burgess of Chicago. Dr. and Mrs. Burgess left in the evening for their home in Detroit.

Mrs. Fred W. Smith has removed to 15 Rose avenue, where she will be as home on the first and second Monday. of the month. Her sister, Mrs. Perry will receive with her.

Miss Marion Cranston of Galt is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. D. H. McLean, Celby street, and will receive with her on the first and third Monday afternoons and even wearners. and evenings.

Word has been received by Toronto friends that Mrs. Robert J. Allan is spending these early days of her widow hood with friends in New Hampshire. The harxious care and unceasing devotion to her husband, followed by his sudder death, have made a recluse of one whose unequalfied brightness, yet queenly dignity, has won for her the esteem of semany warm friends. They earnestly trus she now finds a measure of that quiet and comfort so essential to her in this hour of deep bereavement.

Mr. W. B. Bulling, who has recently been moved to Toronto, has taken a house at 23 Spencer avenue, where Mrs Bulling will receive on the second and fourth Wednesdays of each month after

Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Rowland have rented their house, 180 Bloor street east, for the winter and have taken apartments at the New Marlborough, Jarvis street, where Mrs. Rowland will receive on the second and fourth Mondays of each month.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander L. Young have returned to their former house in Sussex avenue. Mrs. Young will receive, as usual, the first and third Tuesdays.

Miss J. Petley made a charming hostess last Friday evening, when she entertained the Euchre Club at her home in Rose avenue. Among those present were Misses Slaght, M. Rateliff, E. Quinn, M. Hall, E. Crocker, K. Myers, W. Smith, M. Dodd, I. Thayer, T. Dayman, and Messrs. McKinlay, Douglas, Curran, Mackay, Crecker, MacDonal I, Hill, Crockett, Mackenzie.

Mr. and Mrs. Chappell and their fam-ily are settled in their new home at 541 Sherbourne street.



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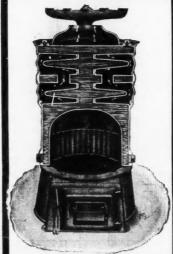


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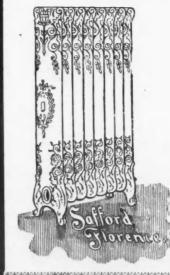
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Birtha.

Johnston-Oct. 24, Toronto, Mrs. W. R Johnston—Oct. 24, Toronto, Mrs. W. R. Johnston, jr., a son., Ridout—Oct. 24, Toronto, Mrs. D. K. Ridout, a son. Jamieson—Oct. 26, Barrie, Mrs. J. J. Jamieson—Oct. 26, Toronto, Mrs. Alfred S. Rogers, a son. Rogers—Oct. 26, Toronto, Mrs. Harry S. Langley, a daughter. Pegg—Oct. 29, Toronto, Mrs. A. A. Pegg. a son.

Marriages.

De Gex-Rapley-At the Church of the Messiah, Kincardine, on 29th October, Leonard M. de Gex, of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, White Horse, to Frederika G. Rapley, only daughter of Mrs. J. W. Rapley, Kincardine, English papers please copy. Thorneloe-Charlesworth-Toronto, Henry Page Thorneloe to Pearl Estelle Charlesworth.

Secord-Kerr-Oct. 29, Woodstock, Henry Cartwright Secord to Katharine Annie Kerr.
Parke-Dickson-Oct. 21, Toronto, Roderick J. M. Parke to Marion Isobel Crawford Dickson.

Browne-Keighley-Oct. 22, Toronto, Ernest S. Browne to Ella Robins Keighley.

Brymer-Small-Oct. 22, St. John, N.B., John Brymer to Elizabeth Small.

Stephens-Agnew-Oct. 22, New York City, Harold Lee Stephens Cal., Geo. E. Kelley to Katharine Findlay.

Deaths.

Dunnet-Oct. 25, Toronto, Thomas Dunnet, Dunnet—Oct. 25, Toronto, Thomas Dunnet, aged 55 years.
Smithett—Oct. 24, Toronto, Mrs. Sarah Gordon Smithett.
Gordon—Oct. 23, Toronto, Mrs. Catherine Shaw Gordon.
Mitchell—Oct. 26, Cobourg, William Mitchell, aged 73 years.
Benson—Oct. 28, St. Catharines, Muriel Benson.
Hill—Oct. 25, Toronto, Lewis M. Hill, aged 17 years.

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